Mad Maxtermind George Miller interviewed!

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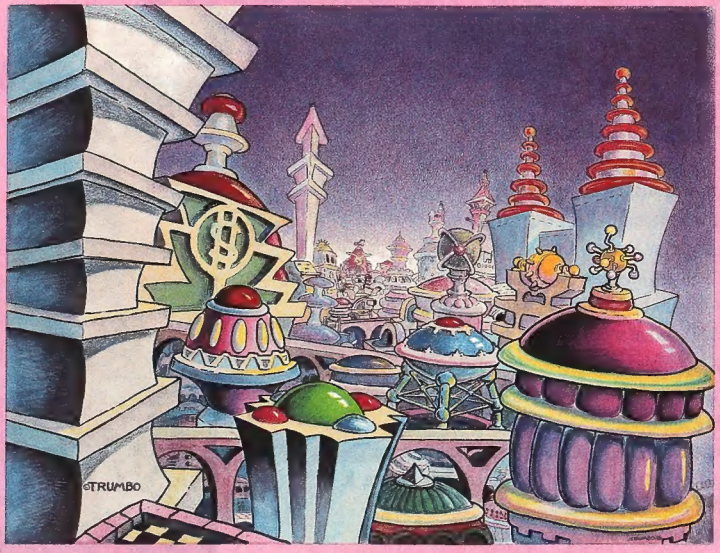

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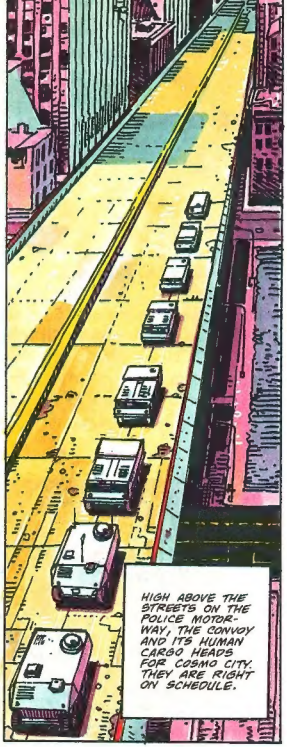
57 **Elephant Cemetery**


HIGH ABOVE THE STREETS ON THE POLICE MOTOR-WAY, THE CONVOY AND ITS HUMAN CARGO HEADS FOR COSMO CITY. THEY ARE RIGHT ON SCHEDULE.

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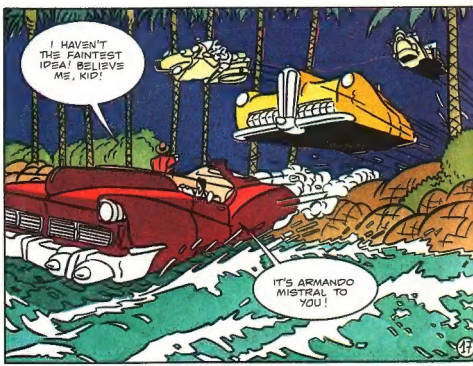
Catch Up

Short synopses of what's happened thus far in the continued strips.



The Whisper Mystery ▸
Daniel Torres
While working on the new Sam Norton episode for *SF* magazine, Armando Mistral is visited by his old friend Chico Panama—a womanizer and a cheat. Unable to get rid of Panama, Mistral hotfoots it over to Montebahia for a bit of r&r, where he runs into Cuper and a bunch of thugs fighting it out.

◂ Rebel
Pepe Moreno
Brooklyn, New York . . . The year is 2002. The general population has diminished except for a few streetwise degenerates, who rule the bombed-out borough. Rebel and his gang stalk the streets in hopes of wiping out the Sanitation Police (the law) once and for all. Doll and the Skinheads are Rebel's archenemies, working in tandem with the sleazy governor.

Sillavengo ▸
Massimo Ghini
When last seen, Sillavengo had returned from his dangerous mission in the Sudan. He was in Palermo telling his friend Barto of his travels—and of the beautiful blonde Amelia Lindy and Silent Termozeta, a fascist he met years ago who had secretly met with Nadia Penjakoff (Sillavengo's ex-love and a secret agent).

dossier

Top Ten SF/Fantasy Paperbacks

1. ***Hee Chee Rendezvous,*** **Frederik Pohl (Del Rey/Ballantine)**
2. ***Star Trek #22: Shadow Lord,*** **Laurence Yep (Pocket Books)**
3. ***V: The Alien Swordmaster,*** **Somtow Sucharitkul (Pinnacle)**
4. ***Daughter of Regals and Other Tales,*** **Stephen R. Donaldson (Del Rey/Ballantine)**
5. ***Orion,*** **Ben Bova (TOR)**
6. ***Spellsinger #4: The Moment of the Magician,*** **Alan Dean Foster (Warner Books)**
7. ***E.T.: The Book of the Green Planet,*** **William Kotzwinkle (Berkley)**
8. ***The Harp of Imach Thyssel,*** **Patricia C. Wrede (Ace)**
9. ***The Integral Trees,*** **Larry Niven (Del Rey/Ballantine)**
10. ***Mercenaries of GOR,*** **John Norman (DAW)**

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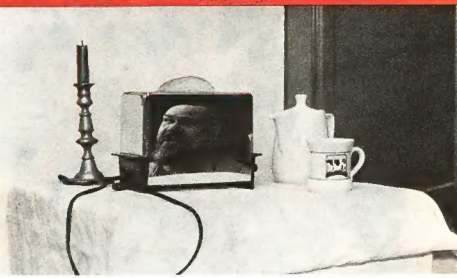


PATTI PERRET

Pix

▲ **Patti Perret**'s photographs in ***The Faces of Science Fiction*** (Bluejay) take you into the living rooms, basements, backyards, and empty swimming pools of the "men and women who shape the way we look at the future." After laying eyes on some of these prophetic pusses, you'll wish you hadn't. Most of their pets (and they are plentiful, too) are better-looking than the authors, who are so poorly dressed that the shots strike me as pleas to buy more of their books. Say "Gamma ray!"

—Steven Maloff

Zines

◀ ***Escape***, a digest-size "independent British story-strip magazine," goes from the sublime to the gorblimey. Every issue a coconut! It's new wave with a sense of history, courtesy of co-editors Paul Gravett and Peter Stanbury. Designer Stanbury adds up-tempo production values and a modernist accent to a stylish selection of news, reviews, articles, columns (*Esquire* cartoon editor Jay Kennedy), and interviews (Joost Swarte, Mark Beyer, Serge Clerc). Then feast yer mince pies on strips by Savage Pencil, Hunt Emerson (the riotous *Calculus Cat*), Myra Hancock, and others. *Swamp Thing* scripter Alan Moore contributes (#6) a wacky travelogue documenting his first NYC visit, and standout is a pub rap (#5) between Moore and Eddie Campbell, who gets loose and literary when he draws chapters of *Alec* based on his personal observations and experiences. *Escape* has also collected a number of *Alec* chapters into a book introed by Moore and Brian Bolland (*Judge Dredd*). Imagine a cross between *Raw* and *The Comics Journal*, and you've almost found a way to *Escape*. But only if you write to Tony Gravett (508 E. 79th St., New York, N.Y. 10021) or *Escape* (156 Munster Rd., London SW6, 5RA).

—Bhob

ALL BLACK AND WHITE ART IN DOSSIER HANDCOLORED BY HAZARD

MAD ABOUT MAX!

Mel Gibson returns in . . .

Mad Max

Those of us lucky enough to catch **George Miller**'s first feature film, *Mad Max*, knew in our hearts that Mad Max was the perfect hero for the eighties: a civilized man driven to barbaric excess by the nightmare of modern life. But few of us were prepared for Miller's futuristic follow-up. Known to the rest of the world as ***Mad Max II, The Road Warrior*** was like nothing we'd ever seen. Having undergone a frightening metamorphosis, Mad Max became a kind of John Wayne of the Apocalypse, a nihilistic knight-errant hurtling across the blasted landscape in a V-8 Interceptor on a quest for the Holy Grail of tomorrow: gasoline. As Mad Max, Mel Gibson embodied the collective yearning of an entire generation. He was a black-leather, punk kamikaze in search of something worth slamming into.

In contrast to his sociopathic creation, director George Miller started his adult life in the humanistic guise of a medical doctor. Born in Brisbane, Australia, and raised in the small town of Chinchilla (pop. 400), George Miller and his twin brother (who is also a physician) attended Sydney Boys' High School, where his passion for films grew even as he went on to study medicine at the University of New South Wales. It was not until Miller met filmmaker Byron Kennedy (who would co-write and produce both *Mad Max* films) that he was able to channel that passion.

After making a fourteen-minute satiric short prophetically titled *Violence in the Cinema—Part One* and a docudrama about a notorious Australian ghost, Miller continued working as a physician, spending six months in a hospital emergency room. Out of Miller's experience tending to victims of gory automobile accidents, Mad Max was born, the celluloid creation of a frustrated mad scientist.

Subsequently, Miller came to the U.S., where he directed the "Nightmare at 20,000 Feet" episode of Steven Spielberg's *Twilight Zone* movie. Now, six years after *Mad Max* has made Miller an internationally acclaimed filmmaker, the scarred antihero returns in the third installment in the series. Titled ***Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome,*** the film features Tina Turner in her second film role (she was the Acid Queen in Ken Russell's *Tommy*). She plays Aunty Entity, the feudal leader of a primitive society called Bartertown who drives a three-engine dune buggy. Will Mad Max prevail against Tina Turner's methane-powered, post-nuke Amazon? Stay tuned.

—James Verniere

HM: Two years ago Mel Gibson said there was no way he'd do another *Mad Max* film. What changed his mind?

GM: It was probably the same thing that changed our minds. Frankly, I didn't want to do another one either, but we came up with a story that Mad Max was designed for, and since I feel we didn't do it right the first two times, I was willing to try again.

HM: You were unhappy with the first two films?

GM: I was dissatisfied, *extremely* dissatisfied with the first one. It was a kind of four out of ten. And a little dissatisfied with the second, which was more like a six and a half out of ten. This one is an improvement on them both.

HM: Mad Max has become an international screen hero. Why do you think that's happened?

GM: There's a bit of a long answer to that. When we—that is, Byron Kennedy and myself—made *Mad Max*, we were really only concerned with making the best action/chase film that we could. What I've discovered is that you really don't know what type of film you have until after the public has seen it. It's the

Interview with *Max*termind George Miller

Beyond

Thunderdome.

audience that tells you what your film is. We'd go to Japan and people would say that *Mad Max* had a lot of the samurai ethos in it. They'd say, "You must have seen all the Kurosawa films," and I hadn't. When I did, I saw the connection. Then some Scandinavians would say that the film had a lot of Viking stuff in it, and of course Americans noticed the outlaw element. At about the same time, I started reading Joseph Campbell and the other mythologists, and I really got a sense of what is meant by the collective unconscious. What I'm trying to say is that Mad Max is a hero because he has characteristics that are recognized collectively by all cultures.

HM: How will Max evolve in this third film?

GM: Well, in the first film he went from a fairly ordinary man to someone who descends into the dark side. In the second film he starts where he ended up in the first one—a pretty burnt-out, dispirited character, trying to live an isolated life and finding he can't do it. In *Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome* we start out where we left off, and this time he really undergoes a hero journey in the sense that he shatters one world and helps create another.

HM: The great problem for artists who try to tackle the hero myth in general and for the *Mad Max* films in particular is the problem of the adversary. How do you create an adversary worthy of your hero?

GM: That's very interesting, because it's the very problem we faced. What we realized is that as the hero is the agent of change, so the true villain must be the agent of changelessness. In the film, Tina Turner plays the adversary, and what we did was follow her character's story back and decide that she was a hero, too. The true adversary is always yesterday's hero.

HM: Let's get away from the metaphysical for a moment. Is it true that the original inspiration for *Mad Max* came to you while you were working in an emergency room?

GM: Yes, that's true, and all I wanted was to make a good action film with chases because I think they are a great form of cinema. I guess I got the idea for the film from observing the road toll. In those days, the early seventies, the road toll was a socially acceptable form of death, particularly in Australia, because we don't have a gun culture. An enormous number of violent deaths occurred on our roads. I suppose the first film was generated by those two things: the car culture in Australia and the experience of working in the emergency room. I really never imagined that the film would be seen in other countries or succeed in other countries.

HM: Have you ever been concerned that your films glorify recklessness on the highways and might therefore promote it?

GM: Yes, I was, and we got a lot of that kind of criticism, particularly in Australia. But it's a difficult issue. One of the functions of storytelling is to take a look at the dark side. One of my glib answers to that is that the cinema is a kind of public dreaming. You sit in a dark place with strangers and watch conscious dreams, which include nightmares. Because of this, fantasy works better in a movie theater than in any other form of film. Realism seems to be better suited to television.

HM: Was fantasy an important part of your development?

GM: My twin brother and I had a fairly typical, happy childhood. We had horses and were allowed to pretty much run free. We had two forms of fantasy: movies and comic books.

HM: Were they American films and American comic books?

GM: Always. By then the world had pretty much been colonized

by Hollywood. I remember that sitting in the theater when I was a child, I'd groan if the British Rank Films trademark (the guy with the gong) came on. I wanted *American* films.

HM: Yet *Road Warrior* was like nothing anyone had seen. How did you develop your style?

GM: That's very hard to explain. I know the individual has a lot to do with it. But what you do is you tend to watch the masters, and the masters for me are obvious: Hitchcock, Kurosawa, Ford—the montage filmmakers. You watch and learn from them. Then you filter what you've learned through your own intuition.

HM: That method served you well on the *Twilight Zone* movie. Your episode is unanimously regarded as the film's high point. What went wrong on that film? Why didn't it work as a whole?

GM: Well, I think it's pretty obvious that the helicopter accident had a lot to do with it. Steven Spielberg and John Landis had originally planned to do original stories in the *Twilight Zone* manner. Then the accident happened, and the idea changed. It was just a general shadow cast over the film.

HM: Since the accident there has been a lot of talk about unnecessarily dangerous stunts. Your films are full of what appear to be dangerous stunts.

GM: Not really. I've actually been very conservative. I'm not a danger freak. I drive a little Mazda, and the only motorcycle I ever drove was a 250cc. motorbike. I've had only two injuries on my set, and both were times we were doing conventional stunts. What makes the films seem so hectic is the montage, the cutting, and not the stunts themselves. On this film, which has a lot of stunts, we had no injuries during shooting. We did have a burn to a hand caused by a frozen pipe. The biggest injury we had was in catering. A Bunsen burner blew up in someone's face. Luckily and paradoxically, after he healed the guy looked about ten years younger. It was a very even burn.

HM: You and another filmmaker named George Ogilvie worked as co-directors on this film. Are you concerned that because you're more well-known you may end up being referred to as "the real genius behind the film" in the way that Steven Spielberg got credit for *Poltergeist*?

GM: No. In the States people don't believe you can have two directors, but here we can experiment. I think that Steven had to take over *Poltergeist* rather reluctantly because Tobe Hooper had a lot of problems personally. In this case, we've worked together very well. The funny thing is that George Ogilvie has a twin brother, too, and we were all born within a day of each other. I don't believe in astrology, but it is very interesting. Our intuition has been pretty much in sync.

HM: There is a theory that the hero is actually the storyteller's ideal twin. Is Mad Max an idealistic extension of yourself?

GM: Enough people have suggested that to me to make me think about it. But I don't feel or look like Mel Gibson does in *Mad Max*. I just think there's an element of Mad Max in all of us.■

Tina Turner: Left a good job in the city.

The sound of Spade Cooley, cowboy singer extraordinaire, is wafting through **Howard Chaykin**'s Upstart studio on West Twenty-ninth Street. In various corners of the converted loft (which still resembles the Garment District warehouse it used to be) sit artists Walt Simonson, Jim Sherman, and Ken Bruzenak. Chaykin is getting into the mood for his latest episode of ***American Flagg***—a Western set in the twenty-first century—and the other guys seem content to let Cooley inspire them as well. Only Bruzenak works with Chaykin on *Flagg!*, the full-color comic-book success story of the eighties—he's responsible for the innovative lettering effects that give the feature its unique look—but Sherman and Simonson know enough to give Howie his head. Not because *Flagg!* is the best monthly comic now being produced (although it is, by a wide margin over whatever you want to nominate for second-best), and not because *Flagg!* has broken the chokehold DC and Marvel have held over the comics biz since the dawn of time (though it has, making First Comics a publishing house to be reckoned with within the space of two years). No, Howie is given his head because, well, no one has enough energy to *argue* with the guy. It's just not worth it. Besides, he's usually right. So Spade Cooley plays on.

If Howard Chaykin is enjoying the fruits of success, let it be said that they came the old-fashioned way: he earned them. Since breaking into the comics field in the early seventies with his *Swords of Sorcery* feature for DC, Chaykin has been the Flying Dutchman of the industry, a maverick who's stopped just long enough to water his horse before moving on. For Marvel, he worked on "War of the Worlds," "Nick Fury," and "The Mark of Kane" before creating a Reuben Flagg prototype with Dominic Fortune. For the short-lived Atlas line he further refined the prototype with two issues of *The Scorpion*. For DC there was "Ironwolf"; for Star Reach, "Gideon Faust, Warlock"; for Byron Preiss, a book-length adaptation of Samuel Delaney's *Empire*; and for *Heavy Metal*, the book-length *The Swords of Heaven, the Flowers of Hell*. Some people liked this stuff, some people

Howard Chaykin Waves the Red Flagg!

didn't. One of the people who didn't was Howard Chaykin.
And then came *Flagg!*, and with it awards, controversy, and monthly deadlines that Chaykin has yet to miss. Amidst the din, Chaykin shows up every day for a nine-to-five stint at the studio, then returns crosstown to his wife (Leslie Zahler, who colors *Flagg!*) and a relaxing evening of Spade Cooley or whatever. Not bad for a self-described "latently Jewish" guy from Newark who has yet to hit thirty-five. Even if he *does* insist on winning every argument.

—Michael S. Barson

HM: Neal Adams helped you break into comics with the *Swords of Sorcery* series for DC in the early seventies. Then you collaborated with Neal on Marvel's "War of the Worlds." Why did you split it up the way you did?
HC: I finished "War" over the weekend after Neal had spent eighteen months doing the first twelve pages. That was a mistake I've since learned from: Don't accept unreasonable requests and assignments, because you'll only end up looking bad after the job is finished.
HM: That seems to be the nature of the business these days, at least in mainstream comics. Do you follow the current scene?
HC: I don't read much in the way of new comics. At first the idea of "being in comics" excited me, but I quickly got bored. The talent pool is so small, and there's so much work being produced, that the standards of the industry are constantly being lowered.
HM: There's nothing, and no one, emerging from today's comics that you would consider worthwhile?
HC: There are just not enough people out there now who have anything *original* to say. It used to be that you had a "one man, one voice" kind of talent in comics—Will Eisner, Harvey Kurtzman, some of the newspaper guys. That single point of view was responsible for producing the best comics. I did learn a lot from Gil Kane, like how to organize space. Joe Kubert, Infantino, and Alex Toth, certainly. Toth is a *leader*. These guys influenced me greatly while I was growing up, and the things they do today still excite me.
HM: *American Flagg!* certainly can be said to have an original and distinct point of view.
HC: It's recognizably *my* voice, yeah. Frankly, *Flagg!* is the most satisfying thing I've ever done. Everything about it from start to finish has felt right. In fact, *writing* it has been even more satisfying than drawing it. I feel a real commitment to this book. Of course, I hate every issue as soon as it's finished—but after a couple of days I rediscover my own divinity.
HM: What about your early work? I think a lot of it stands up very well.
HC: To tell the truth, my early work makes me cringe. A few of the things I did I can still live with—the early "Dominic Fortune" stories, *Empire*—but overall I would have to describe my early career as "promising, but no delivery," until *Flagg!*. I believe in putting up or shutting up.
HM: There are those who would prefer the shutting up part, to judge from letters columns across the length and breadth of fandom in the last year and a half. *Flagg!* is easily the most controversial comic now being published.
HC: I never intended *Flagg!* to be sold to everyone; it's a book for a fairly narrow, literate audience. We *do* generate a lot of hate mail, as well as a lot of positive mail. Actually, it hasn't been as negative as I'd anticipated. But those letters in CBG—God, those people are so *angry*!
HM: Well, how about it: Are those charges of wanton violence and rampant sexism justified?
HC: I *like* drawing sexy stuff; what can I say? I'm just more upfront about it than a lot of other artists. Comics have always been a hotbed of Freudian obsessions. I happen to like erotica. The Sierra Club postcard version of sex has no interest for me, so why should I portray it? Anyway, the sexual contexts of situations in *Flagg!* are often based on real life, and not just on my "obsessions."
HM: Does the anger that the book evokes in some people bother you?
HC: I'm a sensitive guy, so, yes, it *does* bother me somewhat. But I can't edit by consensus, and my feeling is, it's *my* comic book. Anyway, I'm harder on myself than anyone else could be.
HM: The controversy doesn't seem to have affected the popularity of *Flagg!*
HC: If readers are along for the ride, they'll stick with it, even if I piss them off now and then. For the other kind of readers—the ones who want to read stories about the destruction of the universe—they shouldn't be reading *Flagg!* in the first place. They're never going to understand the motivations of the characters—but, again, they're not the audience I'm writing for.
HM: How *would* you describe the motivation of Reuben Flagg?
HC: To me, he's just a moral guy who can be seduced easily. I happen to like him.
HM: Do you like him enough to keep writing about him forever, or can you see an end to *Flagg!* on the horizon?
HC: There will be a time for me to leave *Flagg!* and go on to the next project, sure.
HM: A lot of people would consider that a sad day.
HC: And a lot wouldn't. Plenty of people in the industry have been running pools since *Flagg!* started to see when Chaykin's ass would fall off the truck. Well, here I am.
HM: *Flagg!* has just been nominated for *three* Nebula Awards in the short story category—the first time a comic book has ever been nominated for a Nebula. Isn't this carrying momentum a little *too* far?
HC: Well, it does establish the fact that I *am* God, but otherwise . . . Seriously, it's real nice for me and real nice for the industry. Of course, these are nominations on what's called the pre-ballot, so about fifty stories are in this group, and I don't have a chance in hell of making it to the final ballot. Still, it *is* an honor, and it allows me to rub shit in the noses of a lot of the people who have been ragging me and *Flagg!*. What can I say, I'm a vindictive bastard.■

Film

• Three years before **Diane Lane** knocked 'em dead in *Streets of Fire*, she played another ridiculously unbelievable rock star in Lou Adler's ***Ladies and Gentlemen: The Fabulous Stains***. Also starring members and ex-members of the Clash and Sex Pistols, the movie seems like a primer for *This Is Spinal Tap*. Lane's hairdo and makeup job outdo anything Wendy O. Williams ever *dreamed* of, and her all-girl punk band makes the Go-Go's sound like the New York Philharmonic. She is, of course, mobbed by millions of look-alike groupies and staggers through her teenage fame like Sid Vicious on a bad day. When *The Stains* was finally screened, audiences were paralyzed; the movie was deemed unreleasable by studio execs. And so shelved it's been since 1981. This spring, though, USA Cable insomniacs discovered it; call it love at first sight. The next *Stains* sighting occurred at New York's Film Forum, where word about it spread faster than that of the Kennedy assassination. Picket your local college theater for it. Ironically, Lane's *Streets of Fire* co-star, Michael Paré, suffered a similar fate. His *Eddie and the Cruisers* bombed in the theaters and rocketed to cult status on HBO. I hope no one gets any wise ideas about *Streets of Fire*, though. The thirty-minute video compilation (MCA Home Video) is as watchable as that monstrosity will get.

—Steven Maloff

Zines

• **Bad Seed** 1 (two dollars to Miriam Linna, Box 646, Cooper Station, New York, NY 10003), spawned from an article in Linna's rock zine *Kicks*, digs the drift back to "1949–1959: The Golden Age of the Juvenile Delinquent," as depicted in films, music, magazines, and paperbacks. Styled with an appropriate Xerox street-flyer look and written in Linna's entertaining and punchy "word warpage," as she calls it, her first *Bad Seed* is "heavy on the history," beginning with Irving Shulman, author of *The Amboy Dukes* (1946) and *Children of the Dark* (the 1956 novel version of *Rebel Without a Cause*). Linna's lead jams on "the unassuming bossman of J.D. fiction," NYU dropout Hal Ellson, who worked as a youth recreational therapist at Bellevue while grinding out a thousand words a day on the subway for *Duke, Tomboy, Golden Spike*, and many more street-smart classics. "Slum society is a bad mother-humpin' jungle," says Linna, who promises future issues on Wenzell Brown (*Gang Girl*), Harlan Ellison, Edward DeRoo, and Evan Hunter. Her publication arrives simultaneously with Stephen King's intro to a reprint edition of *The Blackboard Jungle*, the made-for-TV remake of *The Bad Seed* (restoring the powerful climax deleted from the 1956 film), and the rebirth (through Warner Books) of Popular Library, once the paperback publisher of many delinquent-teen titles. What's happening? Is it rumble time again after a thirty-year wait?

—Bhob

Fiction

• **Stuart Schiff**'s magazine, ***Whispers***, and its spin-off anthologies exist to publish fantasy. The latest collection, ***Whispers V*** (Doubleday), leans heavily, as usual, toward the horror end of the fantasy spectrum. Connie Willis's story, "Substitution Trick," in which Houdini tries to outwit the restraints of death, is the most engaging. Recommended for *Twilight Zone* addicts.

—Constance Ash

SF

• The evils that men have always done are with us in ***Brightness Falls from the Air*, James Tiptree Jr.**'s long-awaited second novel (the third release in TOR's new hardcover line). The brutal stupidity of the Nazi-like villains is balanced by the bungling naïveté of the Federation's white-hatted protectors of the Dameii. The Dameii, of the planet Dameim, are a beautiful, winged race. When tortured, Dameii secrete a substance that creates a human gluttony more disgusting than Puritan fathers hooking Indians on firewater. Dameii sweat is the most lucrative—and illegal—essence in the galaxy. The agents of good are a porn-star team, a ten-year-old planetary ruler-in-training, and a doctor who takes advantage of time warps.

The book has a bitter undertaste, and Tiptree's wit doesn't always reveal itself without some effort. There are lots of characters on the order of *Grand Hotel* and a peculiar dialogue that works brilliantly when reflecting the dodo style of the foreign office. "Lady Loma's Ride," a chapter featuring a light-gravity jumping-horse competition, is a gem. The value of this type of diversion to the narrative might be debated, but it's a gorgeous extrapolation of the particular Tiptree brand. Read it.

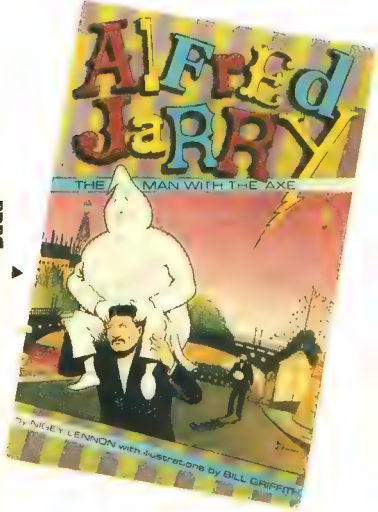
—Constance Ash

Dada

• "Teenage Nihilist Discovers Alfred Jarry, Runs Amok"... . No, that's not a *World Weekly News* headline—it's the heading of ***Nigey Lennon***'s introduction to ***Alfred Jarry—The Man with the Axe*** (Panjandrum Books). Lennon, the #1 Jarry fan-girl, and Bill Griffith, Jarry's #1 fan-boy, spread the word about one of the world's most eccentric dramatists.

Lennon charts the bizarre, brief life of Jarry (1873–1907), placing a fascinating emphasis on his best-known play, *Ubu Roi*, and Jarry's close identification with that play's central character, Père Ubu. Griffith's illustrations provide a perfect match for Lennon's text, and both deserve a hearty belch from "Pa Ubu" for this absorbing portrait of Alfred Jarry, the original "wild and crazy guy."

—Dale Ashmun



Pix

• Reading **Jack Vance**, at his best, is like listening to music. Shadow Music. Like the music described in the first part of Vance's new three-part sci-fantasy novel, ***Rhialto the Marvellous*** (Pocket Books), Vance's prose melody is "indescribable. Neither tragic nor gay; sweet, yet wry and bitter . . . it filled me with a yearning for the lost and unattainable."

This episodic novel is ostensibly a picaresque chronicle of the magician/scientist and scoundrel Rhialto the Marvellous, a denizen of the far, far future (for, yes, this is a new novel of the Dying Earth), when the sun's fire has dimmed to dull red, when it seems to flicker, and some predict sullenly that it will shortly go out. But the fires of desire are undiminished as they drive Rhialto into the pursuit of first one baroque intrigue and then another wherein Rhialto has to cope with exasperating creatures of all sorts. In these pursuits Rhialto employs what we know as "spells." Vance explains in the introduction that "a spell in essence corresponds to a code, or set of instructions, inserted into the sensorium of an entity which is able and not unwilling to alter the environment in accordance. . . . These entities are not necessarily 'intelligent,' nor even 'sentient,' and their conduct, from the tyro's point of view, is unpredictable, capricious and dangerous." Indeed, yes, they are hilariously capricious, just as the events which take place in this book are unpredictable, and the prose that describes them dangerously intoxicating. *Rhialto the Marvellous* is the ideal mingling of fantasy and science fiction, and you will find nothing better in either field.

—John Shirley

HORROR

• Weight loss has never been more terrifying.

Imagine you're Billy Halleck, an overweight lawyer living in Connecticut. One day your wife gives you a hand job as you're driving home. As you come you have the bad luck to run into a gypsy woman, literally. She dies and you're charged with homicide, but you've got powerful friends who exonerate you. As you're leaving the courthouse an old gypsy touches your cheek. With a gruesome smile he mutters "Thinner," sending you on a crash diet formulated in hell.

If this sounds like a **Stephen King** novel it's because it is. Written under the pseudonym Richard Bachman, ***Thinner*** (NAL) is King's prank on his readership. If he wanted to get by on the merits of his writing alone, he needn't have bothered with the masquerade; *Thinner* carries all the hallmarks of the author's pop Kafka sensibility, right down to an impossibly malevolent strawberry pie. Junk society is mocked, unlikely crusaders undergo a quest, and evil seems as commonplace as a Bruce Springsteen T-shirt. Though blacker than usual, *Thinner* still reads like Stephen King, which ain't bad at all.

—Tom Aiken

Raving and Drooling: Vinyl Fatigue

● Is it me? Has vinyl fatigue finally set in? Or do my subjective feelings of boredom and disgust with the music scene have some objective basis in reality? Certainly seems that way. . . .

The past eighteen months have been a pretty piss-poor period for those of us with itchy ears—lone predators foraging the soundscape for fresh consumables, unsatisfied with the mystery-meat platters served up McDonald's-like at shopping-mall vinyl feeding troughs. For a while there—like in '81, '82, and '83—things seemed to be looking up. The fringes were cannily infiltrating the mainstream, and foolishly I thought the polymorphous state of pop music had settled in for more than a quick fling. No way. That flicker of spectral comfort was nothing more than a false dawn. The dark ages are back.

Once again it's a time of grim retrenchment and talent triage by the record companies, as renewed economic frivolity (bloated drug and video budgets this time) ushers us toward a gas-belching rollover. At every level, cynicism, moral and artistic cowardice, opportunistic pandering, and self-congratulatory tokenism have reasserted themselves as preeminent dogma-fashions. The black plague of Reaganistic retrogression is epidemic. That distant rumbling you hear isn't a heavy metal band tuning up in the next county, only the excruciatingly tiresome drone of *déjà vu* overriding your alpha-wave biofeedback circuits. And that thump-thump-thump sledgehammering your chest cavity ain't your heartbeat, just the iron-fist cadence of dance music (messiah to all brain-damaged A&R people). Get in line, chump. What year is this, you ask? Why, the extended DJ remix of 1974, of course, with Grandmassa Arthur McJellybrain marionetting the controls, and the whore of Babylon seducing our troubled libidos with hormonally keyed tone-moans. Roll over, Puccini, and tell Diamanda the news.

But, rather than continuing to barrage you with nonspecific whining (any beanbag can do that), I'll illustrate with a particularly pathetic example: several months back I was given a tape set for release in late February/early March as a Sire Records twelve-inch single, **"Cooler Than Thou"** and **"Criminal Kiss"** by the **Hood** (a persona adopted by a guy calling himself Johnny 23, who used to bang metal with Swans, and DJ/producer Ivan Ivan, a collaborator on last year's snazzy "Dominatrix Sleeps Tonight" single and producer of the current hit "Boy" by the Book of Love). Both songs are great—"Cooler" is a dance tune somewhere between Bambaataa and Art of Noise, with chilling, Bowie-esque vocals, while "Kiss" is an up-tempo, futuristic-metal rocker, like Chrome produced by Cabaret Voltaire. Nothing revolutionary, but solid up-to-the-minute pop (ironically, recorded over a year ago). The tape quickly muscled its way into a prominent position on Lou's daily music menu, and almost as quickly caused gut-tremoring fear and loathing in certain highly placed baboons who run Warner Bros. and sub-label Sire. Word came back from Burbank HQ that no way would they allow this stuff to be released on their label in the U.S.A.—far too weird for them, and certainly beyond the Cro-Magnon ken of Yankee rec-

ord buyers. Of course, this is ludicrous beaver-piss reasoning—neither side is particularly radical (less out-there than any Art of Noise or Malcolm McLaren single, to cite two recent Island Records successes, both distributed through Warner); they are merely (horrors!) forward-looking. Both are real songs, with catchy melodies, insidious chorus-line hooks, and beatbox programming clearly aimed at the dancing glands of the sizable and influential club crowd (who these clowns *still* don't seem to have a handle on—probably because it's a predominantly young, black and Hispanic, inner-city market, with delayed leakage into pink-skin areas, usually the long-way-round via the U.K.).

The point is, a sizable market for this record damn well *does* exist, and if some of these dinks would stop insulating themselves from the rest of humanity and visit a club or two, they might even see it for themselves. I'm fucking tired of these weasels blaming buyers for their own spinelessness and myopia, and confusing a "market" paradigmed by their own conservatism with the true desires of an undictated-to public. The cultural consumers of the world are a far more varied and unpredictable lot than they're given credit for, and while they may not all be itching to snap their fingers to the Residents, they certainly can deal with the Hood without getting a nosebleed. Sure, underestimating the public's taste and playing to the lowest common denominator are a businessman's safest course—it's not their job to *educate* the consumer, merely fulfill his needs. Being ahead of your time might get you loads of critical jaw-action, but that doesn't get you very far with Martin Bormann over in the accounting department (ask Captain Beefheart).

But there *are* ways of being adventurous without losing sight of the bottom line: by scaling your anticipations, cutting unnecessary costs, and keeping your ears open for new talent to develop as an investment in the future. From the way some record companies conduct business you'd think the future was no different from the past (and from the look of some heavy metal bands on the rise, I'm almost ready to think that way myself)—but it *is*, something that guys like Sire's Seymour Stein and Elektra's Bob Krasnow seem to understand. These two ain't perfect (no swelled heads here, guys), but at least they're *trying*. Is this too much to ask?

As of this writing, the Hood single is supposed to be released by Sire through independent distributor Jem, which means it'll get out there, though it'll probably take some active searching for you to find it. And I think you *should* look for it—not because of the hefty kickback Mr. 23 has promised me, but because it's a good record (Lou's guarantee), and perhaps good sales will send a bit of a message to the gibbering fools who sit in judgment on the music we're able to buy. I mean, we *are* the guys that keep these nose-drips in business, right? Were it only that simple. . . .

Another good record is **"At the Marble Bar,"** by **Death Comet Crew** (who were going to be Death *Star* Crew, until a threatening letter from Lucasfilm arrived—they plan to drop the Crew bit soon and be plain old Death Comet, which is much snazzier), issued by Beggars Banquet in the U.K. (*Another* NYC band having to cross borders to put out a record—when will this brain-drain end?) Involved here are Stuart Arbright (ex of Ikeyard and Dominatrix), guitarist Michael Diekmann (ditto Ikeyard), and a tough-looking little Japanese guy named Shinichi Shimokawa (bass), with help from Rammellzee on mouth, keyboardist Scott Simon (of Our Daughters Wedding), and producer Ken Lockie (Cowboys International, Dominatrix, and Go for Your Gun). So much for genealogy—as for the music, it's a sort of futuristic rap/noise collage with fierce box beating and mutant-sound fun. According to Arbright, Death Comet is an effort to put across a more forceful edge in pop music, blending seemingly incompatible genres and techniques. Though this record isn't as instantly appealing as "The Dominatrix Sleeps Tonight," it has power and presence (what Arbright calls "larger than life"), and promises an interesting future (a recent live gig at NYC's Danceteria showed a move toward mutant Iggy-esque heavy metal brutalism, a direction I very much liked).

Other bits of interesting new vinyl: **Cabaret Voltaire**'s new album, ***Micro-Phonies*** (released in the U.K. and Canada on Some Bizzare/Virgin), is strikingly good; far less monomaniacal than past efforts (which was good for the intensity quotient, but ultimately limiting in emotional expansiveness), and it's even rather pretty and melodic in places (yow!). I'm impressed. The guy who did such a bang-up job producing the Cab's last two singles, **John "Tokes" Potoker**, (the exhilarating "Sensoria" and "James Brown"), has done a similar favor for **Doppelganger** on their first single, **"Communication Breakdown"** (on Manhattan/Capitol), basically a pretty stupid song saved by post-Arthur Baker control-room lunacy. Good, trashy fun, if you don't make too steady a diet of it.

Two NYC old-timers (!?) with good "debut" albums on RCA are the **Bongos**, with ***Beat Hotel*** (good, mainstream pop-rock, somewhere to the right of XTC; I could use a bit less of a wimp sheen, however), and the **Nails**'s ***Mood Swing*** (darker and more biting than the Bongos, with some incisive lyrics; I wish their music would get a little more daring, though—I've heard all these licks before, and such good songwriting is ill served by derivative settings). When I can enjoy such relatively middle-of-the-road stuff, you *know* something's not happening on the lunatic fringe.

Thumbs down: guitarist **Elliot Easton**'s ***Change No Change*** (Elektra). Even more conservative than Easton's main squeeze, the Cars, so it doesn't do anything for me.

Then there's the new **Yello**, ***Stella*** (Elektra), which is great, natch. These guys could fart through a Fairlight and I'd lap it up. Pathetic old thing, aren't I?

—Lou Stathis

VIDEO VOYEUR

BY JIM FARBER

***Nightmare on Elm Street* (1984), Media.▼**
Directed by Wes Craven.
Watching this Wes Craven torture trove again on video not only solidifies its reputation as the most deeply resonant horror flick since *Halloween*, it also reveals a shadowy subtext. The hero teens are all experiencing the same mortifying dream, which relates to traumas in the past. Meanwhile, in the present, most of the teens come from broken homes, or worse—the lead girl's mom chugs Smirnoff, the mother of another shacks up with fat strangers. What's it all mean? In its own abstract, nightmare language, the world of adolescent secrecy, alienation, and destruction approximates a psychological profile of teen suicide.

***The Haunting of Julia* (1976), Media.**
Directed by Richard Loncraine.
Mia Farrow, the anorexic's pin-up girl and one of the cinema's great victims, stars in this pseudo-classy horror story. By "classy" I mean "mood piece," which in this case means "dull"—especially on the film-to-video transfer, since half the screen is cut off. In the plot department, mother Mia gets herself in a silly supernatural jam after her kid chokes to death on an apple. Too bad they didn't know the Heimlich maneuver—they could have spared us the whole ordeal.

***C.H.U.D.* (1984), Media.**
Directed by Douglas Cheek.
An acronym for Cannibalistic Humanoid Underground Dwellers, *C.H.U.D.* tries real hard to be a smart, quirky B-cult number. Unfortunately, the script's attempted deadpan yuks are simply dead, the "offbeat" actors (John Heard and Daniel Stern) are just beat, and the "politics" are self-conscious and smug (cool bohos in lower Manhattan and hippie bleeding hearts vs. the crooked politicians). Revised title: *C.R.U.D.*

◄ ***S.S. Experiment Love Camp,* Wizard Video.***
Directed by Sergio Garrone.
It's pretty hard to make Nazis dull, but much of this flick manages to. I like my Krauts in a constant state of Hitlerian hysteria, thank you, and the lead colonel here is almost British in his reserve (no Ilse, She-Wolf of the SS *he*). The icky romance that develops between a nice Nazi and a prisoner plus some soft-core porn scenes test the nerves, but the movie *does* include the first testicle transplant I've seen and an ending that all true nihilists will find heartening. —Jim Farber

*year unknown

LISTEN!
THE HORDES OF NIGHT ARE IN HEADLONG FLIGHT FROM THE OUTSTRETCHED GRASP OF ROSY-FINGERED DAWN.
THE DRY FLAPPING OF THEIR NAKED WINGS IS OBSCURED BY THE CHEERY CHIRPING OF MORNING BIRDS...

©1985 JOHN FINDLEY

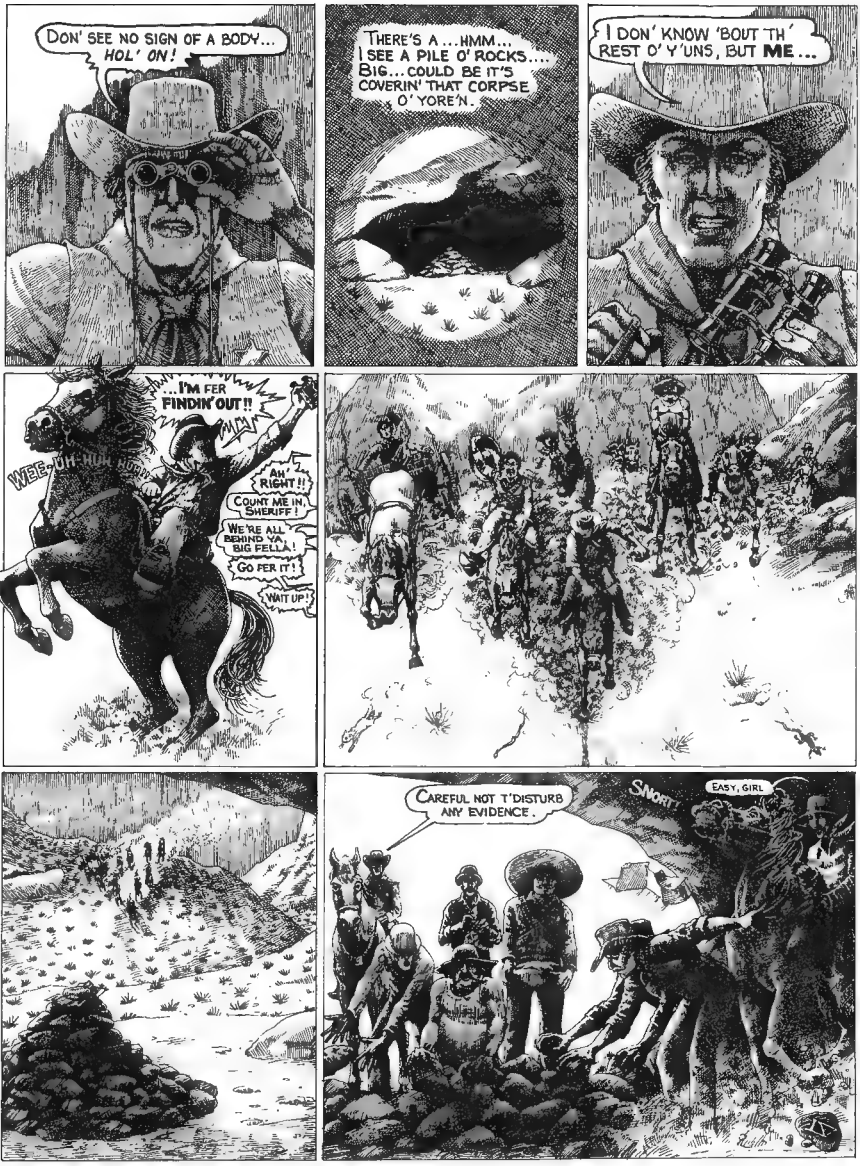
TEX★ARCANA

MEETS THE TOAST OF EUROPE

PART XXI

SIGNORA...?
TAKE... ME....
I'M... YOURS.
BUT...THIS IS NOT... SIGNORA BURNS!
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!
AAIEEEE!
IT'S ONE OF YOUR ...THINGS!
II

AAAEEIIOOU-YY!
SEÑORA ?!
SEÑORA BURNS ??!
EESS OKAY, SEÑORA. EE' WAS ONLY A DREAM. 'THASS ALL...EESS OKAY.
GOD IN HEAVEN!
WHAT MANNER OF MONSTER MUST I BE, TO HAVE SUCH THINGS IN MY HEAD?
OH, LOOK, SEÑORA, THE SUN.
AT LAST
MEANWHILE, A DAY'S RIDE TO THE WEST, AT BROKEN HEEL PASS...
THERE IT IS, SHERIFF...
SORRY LOT CAVE.
WHERE I WITNESSED FOUL MURDER BEING DONE.


DON' SEE NO SIGN OF A BODY...
HOL' ON!
THERE'S A...HMM...
I SEE A PILE O' ROCKS....
BIG...COULD BE IT'S
COVERIN' THAT CORPSE
O' YORE'N.
I DON' KNOW 'BOUT TH'
REST O' Y'UNS, BUT ME...
...I'M FER
FINDIN' OUT!!
WEE-UH-HUH HOOO!
AH'
RIGHT!!
COUNT ME IN,
SHERIFF!
WE'RE ALL
BEHIND YA,
BIG FELLA!
GO FER IT!
WAIT UP!
CAREFUL NOT T'DISTURB
ANY EVIDENCE.
SNORT!
EASY, GIRL

HERE'S SOMETHIN', SHERIFF! LOOKS LIKE A PIECE OF CLOTH, OR...
ELSEWHERE...
WHAT'S FUNNY?
NUTHIN'. I JUST NEVER LOOKED AT YOU FROM THIS ANGLE BEFORE.
SAVOR IT.
SEE ANYTHING?
NOT YET.
UH...SAY, SWEAZ... DO YOUR LEGS FEEL, YOU KNOW ...WEIRD?
NOT REALLY. BUT MY FLANGE APPEARS TO BE GROWIN' LARGER.
IF WE DON'T HURRY UP AN' GET TO WHEREVER TH' HELL IT IS WE'RE GOING, YOU'RE GONNA BE, LIKE, TOTALLY STRETCHED OUTA SHAPE.
5

HOLD IT! I THINK WE'RE SLOWIN' DOWN!
NO DOUBT DUE TO THE INCREASED EFFICIENCY OF MY ENLARGED FLANGE!
NO, IT'S LIKE WE'RE FLOATIN'.
AND THE AIR SEEMS, I DUNNO, THICK.
AND...MOIST.
LOOK, HERP! DOWN THERE!
WHADDAYA KNOW!
SWEAZ!
HERP!
TO BE CONTINUED.

SESAR PRESENTA
METROPOLIS
MY NAME IS LANG, FRITZ LANG, AND I WOULD LIKE TO TALK ABOUT SOMETHING THAT HAPPENED IN GERMANY, IN 1925, WHEN I STARTED SHOOTING "METROPOLIS".
EIN FI I VON FRITZ LANG
GUST ROHLICH-BRIGITTE HELM
UFA M IM VERLEIH DER PARUFAMET

WE CREATED A ROBOT TO PLAY THE ROLE OF "MARIA"...
THE ACTRESS BRIGITTE HELM WORE THE ROBOT GARB.
2

BRIGITTE
HELM
THE MOVIE WAS FINISHED ON TIME.
WHEN THE SHOOTING ENDED, THE ROBOT WAS STORED IN THE PROP ROOM...
...ALONG WITH A LOT OF OTHER STUFF. AND THERE IT STAYED FOR MANY YEARS.
3

IN THE MEANTIME, A TERRIBLE SERIES OF MURDERS TOOK PLACE.
A CRAZY MURDERER WAS ACCOSTING LITTLE GIRLS IN THE STREET AND KILLING THEM.
A RUTHLESS MANHUNT BEGAN AND WENT ON DAY AND NIGHT.
4

BUT THE POLICE COULD NOT FIND THE KILLER FOR MANY MONTHS.
FINALLY, ONE DAY THEY FOLLOWED A SUSPECT, WHO RAN AND TRIED TO HIDE IN THE STORAGE ROOMS OF THE STATE MOVIE PRODUCTION COMPANY (UFA)...
POLIS
UFA

10000 M.
...AND HID RIGHT INSIDE THE "MARIA" ROBOT!
COME OUT OF THERE!!

A WOMAN !!
IT TURNED OUT THAT THE POOR WOMAN HAD LOST HER OWN CHILD, AND WITH IT HER SANITY.

M
IT WAS THEN, WHEN THEY FOUND HER, THAT I DECIDED TO TRY TO MAKE A MOVIE NARRATING THIS EVENT. BUT "M" IS A WHOLE OTHER STORY....
FINE
FRITZ LANG
IL MOSTRO DI DUSSELDORF
THE END
SeSar 84

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- ☐ **SVENGALI**/John Barrymore
- ☐ **TERROR BY NIGHT**/Basil Rathbone as Sherlock Holmes
- ☐ **THE JUNGLE BOOK**/Sabu
- ☐ **THE LUCKY TEXAN**/John Wayne
- ☐ **SHERLOCK HOLMES AND THE SECRET WEAPON**/Basil Rathbone
- ☐ **DINNER AT THE RITZ**/David Niven
- ☐ **PENNY SERENADE**/Cary Grant/Irene Dunne
- ☐ **MY FAVORITE BRUNETTE**/Bob Hope, Dorothy Lamour
- ☐ **FIRE OVER ENGLAND**/Laurence Oliver, Vivien Leigh
- ☐ **MADE FOR EACH OTHER**/James Stewart, Carole Lombard
- ☐ **SCARLET STREET**/Edward G. Robinson
- ☐ **SANTA FE TRAIL**/Errol Flynn, Ronald Reagan
- ☐ **THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH**/Alfred Hitchcock
- ☐ **A FAREWELL TO ARMS**/Gary Cooper, Helen Hayes
- ☐ **THE STRANGER**/Orson Welles
- ☐ **MEET JOHN DOE**/Gary Cooper, Barbara Stanwyck
- ☐ **SECRET AGENT**/Alfred Hitchcock
- ☐ **THE RED HOUSE**/Edward G. Robinson
- ☐ **SECOND CHORUS**/Fred Astaire, Paulette Goddard
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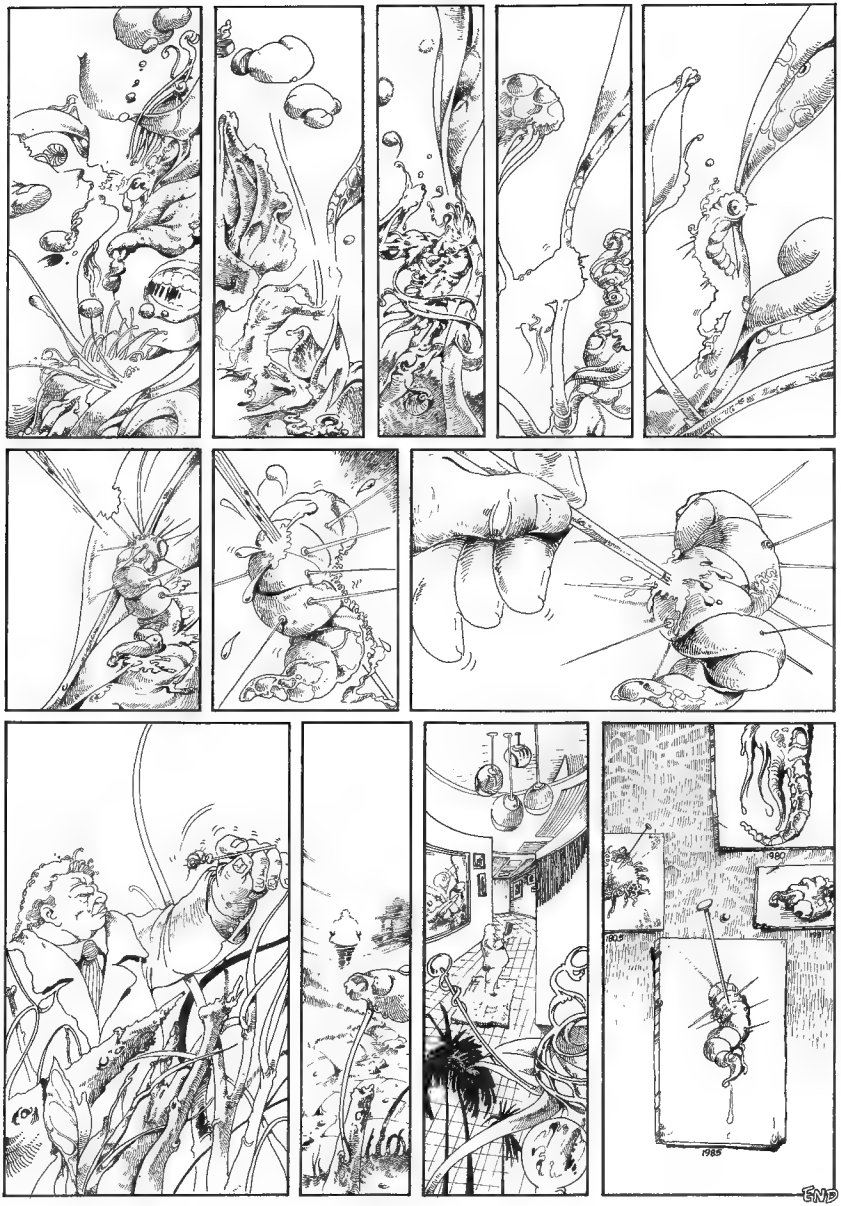
Metamorphosis
Rafaelle Spinicano


1980
1985
END

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ZOWIE!

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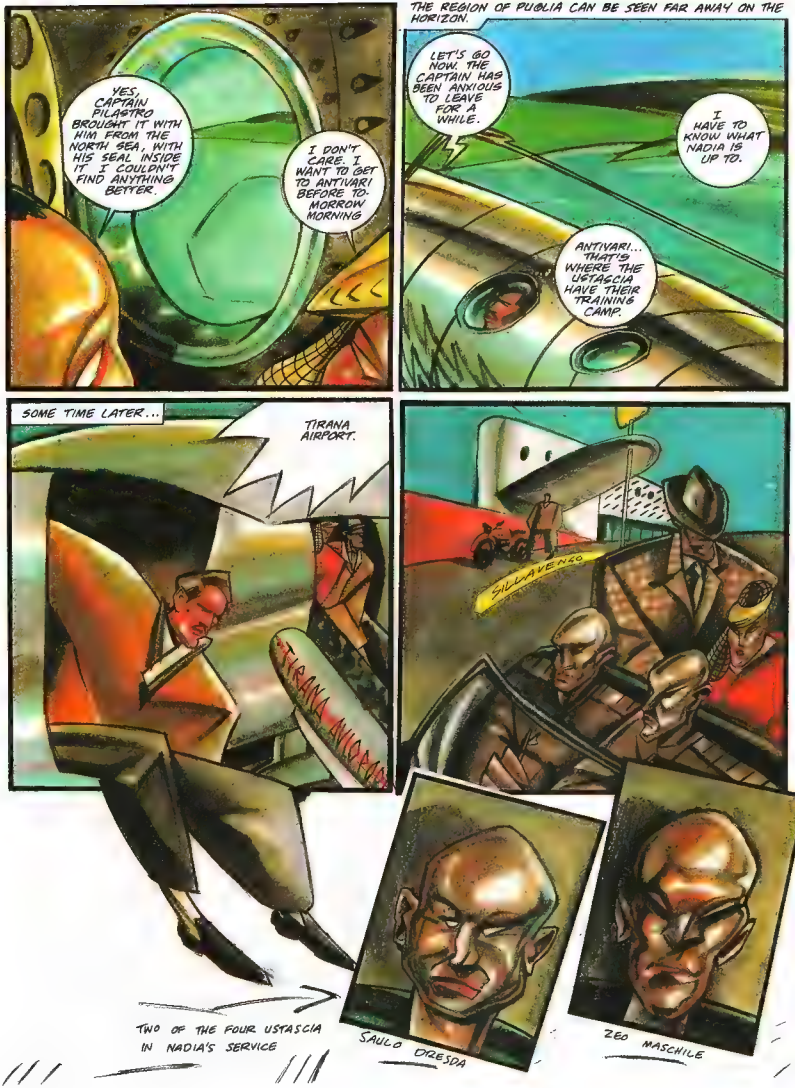
SILVANO
IN THE BALKANS
DRAWINGS BY MASSIMO IOSA GHINI.
WRITTEN BY MAURIZIO CORRADO.
PALERMO, SEPTEMBER 8, 1935
PISTOLE
EVERYTHING IS READY.
SYNOPSIS: "LA TERMOZETA" HAS TRAINED A GROUP OF FIGHTERS FROM THE BALKANS — THE USTASCIA — WHO WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR AN ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE THE KING OF YUGOSLAVIA THE YEAR BEFORE. OUR FRIEND, CAPTAIN SILVANGO — BORN SEPTEMBER 8, 1904 — IS NOW 31 YEARS OLD. AMELIA EARHART IS AN AMERICAN PILOT WHO LIKES TO LISTEN TO ALBINONI. ESPARIDA CONSUELO IS A BRAZILIAN SOCIALITE DEVOTED TO NADIA PENJAKOFF.
NADIA PENJAKOFF IS AN ADVENTURESS, SUPPOSEDLY WORKING FOR THE ITALIANS, BUT IN REALITY AN ENGLISH SPY.
MADAM, TWO USTASCIA WILL ACCOMPANY US FROM TIRANA TO DURAZZO. WE WILL BE LEAVING TONIGHT FOR ANTIVARI, ON PERFIDO PILASTRO'S WHALEBOAT.
CAPTAIN PILASTRO-HE'S STILL AROUND?
WHALE-BOAT?
MACCHERE
SHIT...! DIDN'T...
BLACK HAIR, ALMOND-SHAPED EYES
TECHNICAL FURNITURE BY MASSIMO IOSA GHINI


YES, CAPTAIN PILASTRO BROUGHT IT WITH HIM FROM THE NORTH SEA, WITH HIS SEAL INSIDE IT. I COULDN'T FIND ANYTHING BETTER.
I DON'T CARE. I WANT TO GET TO ANTIVARI BEFORE TOMORROW MORNING
THE REGION OF PUGLIA CAN BE SEEN FAR AWAY ON THE HORIZON.
LET'S GO NOW. THE CAPTAIN HAS BEEN ANXIOUS TO LEAVE FOR A WHILE.
I HAVE TO KNOW WHAT NADIA IS UP TO.
ANTIVARI... THAT'S WHERE THE USTASCIA HAVE THEIR TRAINING CAMP.
SOME TIME LATER...
TIRANA AIRPORT.
TIRANA AIRPORT
SILLAVENGO
TWO OF THE FOUR USTASCIA IN NADIA'S SERVICE
SAULO DIRESDA
ZEO MASCHILE

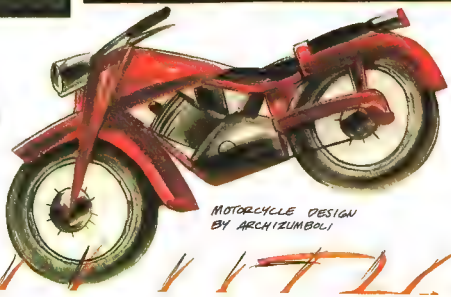
GUAPPEZZI, GALA, GASPERI! GO AFTER HIM!

BANG!
IT MUST BE SOMETHING REALLY IMPORTANT IF...

BANG BANG

HOW SAD! HE WAS SO HANDSOME.

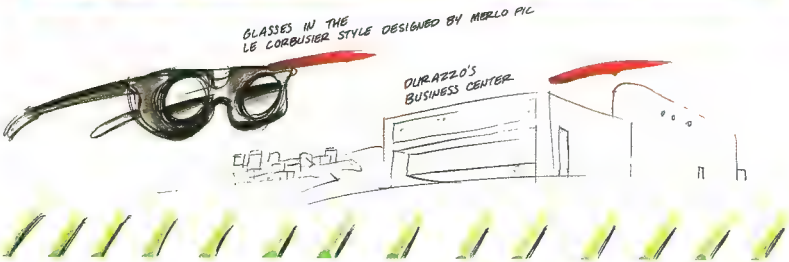
GLASSES BY ZAK ARK

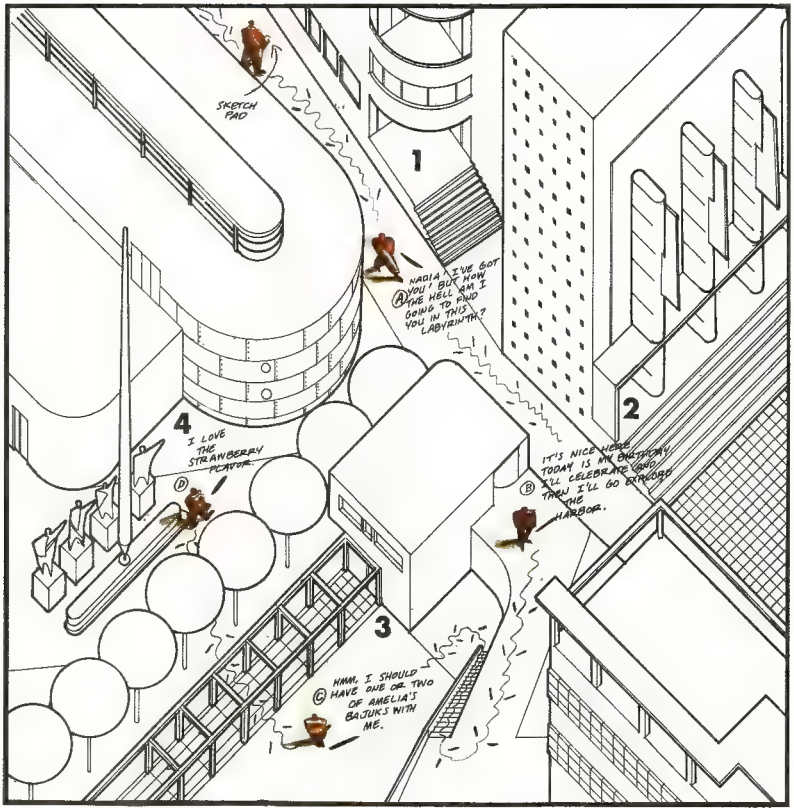

MOTORCYCLE DESIGN BY ARCHIZUMBOLI

SCUTTE

IKKO LIMUCH?
GO! GO ON! ORDERS FROM HEAD-QUARTERS. I'M IN A HURRY!

MANIGAMOI, LIMOLLO, BRISAPARDIR.
FERTA
DURAZZO
SHIT! IT'S BEAUTIFUL!


GLASSES IN THE LE CORBUSIER STYLE DESIGNED BY MERLO PIC
DURAZZO'S BUSINESS CENTER

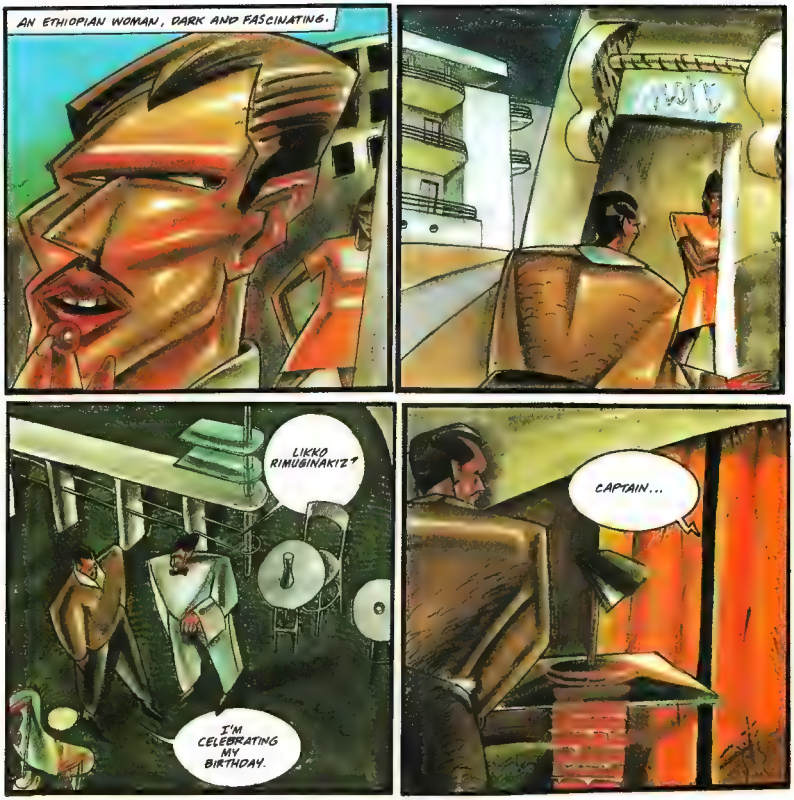

SKETCH PAD
1
Ⓐ NADIA, I'VE GOT YOU! BUT HOW THE HELL AM I GOING TO FIND YOU IN THIS LABYRINTH?
2
Ⓑ IT'S NICE HERE. TODAY IS MY BIRTHDAY. I'LL CELEBRATE AND THEN I'LL GO EXPLORE THE HARBOR.
3
Ⓒ HMM, I SHOULD HAVE ONE OR TWO OF AMELIA'S BAJUKS WITH ME.
4
Ⓓ I LOVE THE STRAWBERRY FLAVOR.

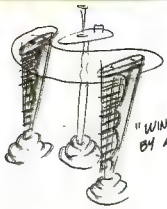
ITALIAN PAVILION AT THE CHICAGO EXPO, BY A. LIBERA

FACADE OF THE FASCIST REVOLUTION BUILDING, BY A. LIBERA

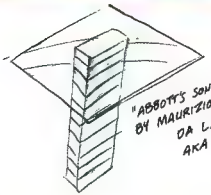
"NOVO COMUM" BY G. TERRAGNI

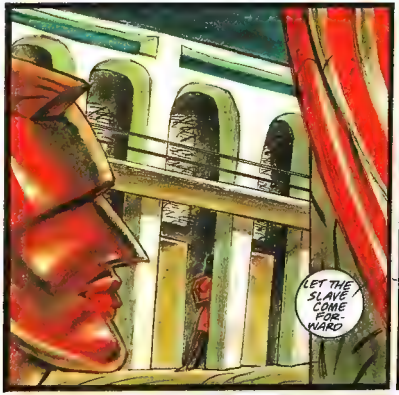
STUDY FOR A VILLA, BY C. CATTANEO

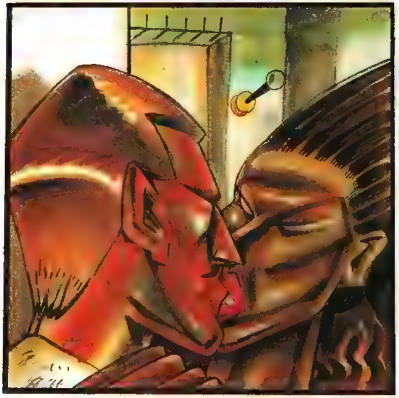



"WING" TABLE BY A. GALLIERI

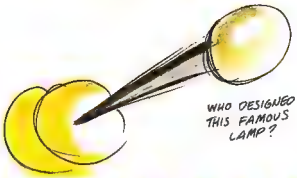
MAN RAY LAMP


"ABBOTT'S SON" TABLE BY MAURIZIO CORRADO DA LAUSEI, AKA "EAGER."



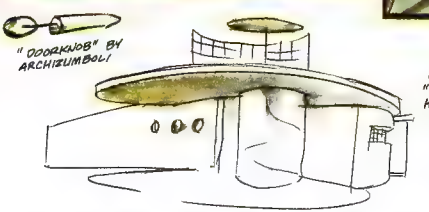


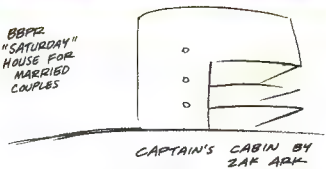
THE ETHIOPIAN WOMAN'S BREASTS ARE FIRM. SILLAVENGO'S HAND IS ABOUT TO TOUCH THEM...



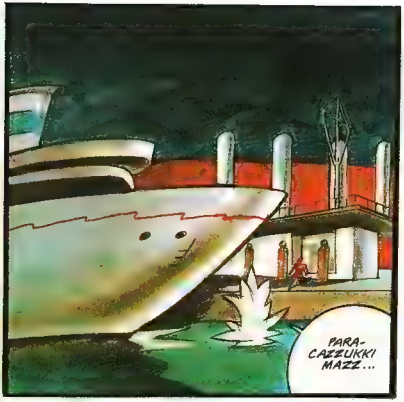
SILLAVENGO LETS GO OF THE FASCINATING ETHIOPIAN, HIS EYES FIXED ON A FAR-OFF POINT.

SAULO DRESOA, SOUTH AMERICAN, USED TO PRACTICE HYPNOSIS ON FROGS. HE IS NOW ONE OF THE MOST DREADED USTASCIA OF THE THIRTIES.

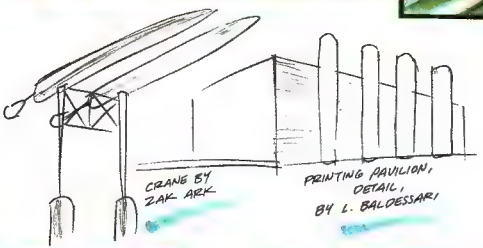


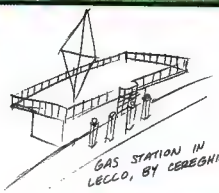


OUFFF!!!
IEEA (BABE)


PARA-
CAZZUKKI
MAZZ...

PEM


CRANE BY
ZAK ARK
PRINTING PAVILION,
DETAIL,
BY L. BALDESSARI


GAS STATION IN
LECCO, BY CERBONI

HURRY UP, YOU IDIOT! WE'RE LEAVING.
I HOPE THAT SILLAVENGO WON'T BOTHER US ANYMORE I DON'T WANT ANY MORE OBSTACLES BETWEEN ME AND MY CITY!
THE CITY...
BESCIR??!
GOOD DAY, CAPTAIN!
BESCIR

A FEW BURNING QUESTIONS WILL BE ANSWERED IN THE NEXT EPISODE:

WHY DOES NADIA PENJAKOFF WANT TO KILL THE DUCE (MUSSOLINI)?

WHAT CITY IS SHE RAVING ABOUT?

WHO IS THE MYSTERIOUS ETHIOPIAN?

CAN WE TRUST CAPTAIN PILASTRO, KNOWING HIS UNSAVORY PAST?

ARE NADIA AND "SILENT" LOVERS?

WHAT IS BESCIR ABOULLAH ODING IN THAT ALBANIAN HARBOR?

AND, MOST IMPORTANT, WILL OUR HERO BE ABLE TO HOLD OUT UNDERWATER UNTIL THE NEXT EPISODE?

TAT TARATAN...

HERO

END OF THE THIRD EPISODE.

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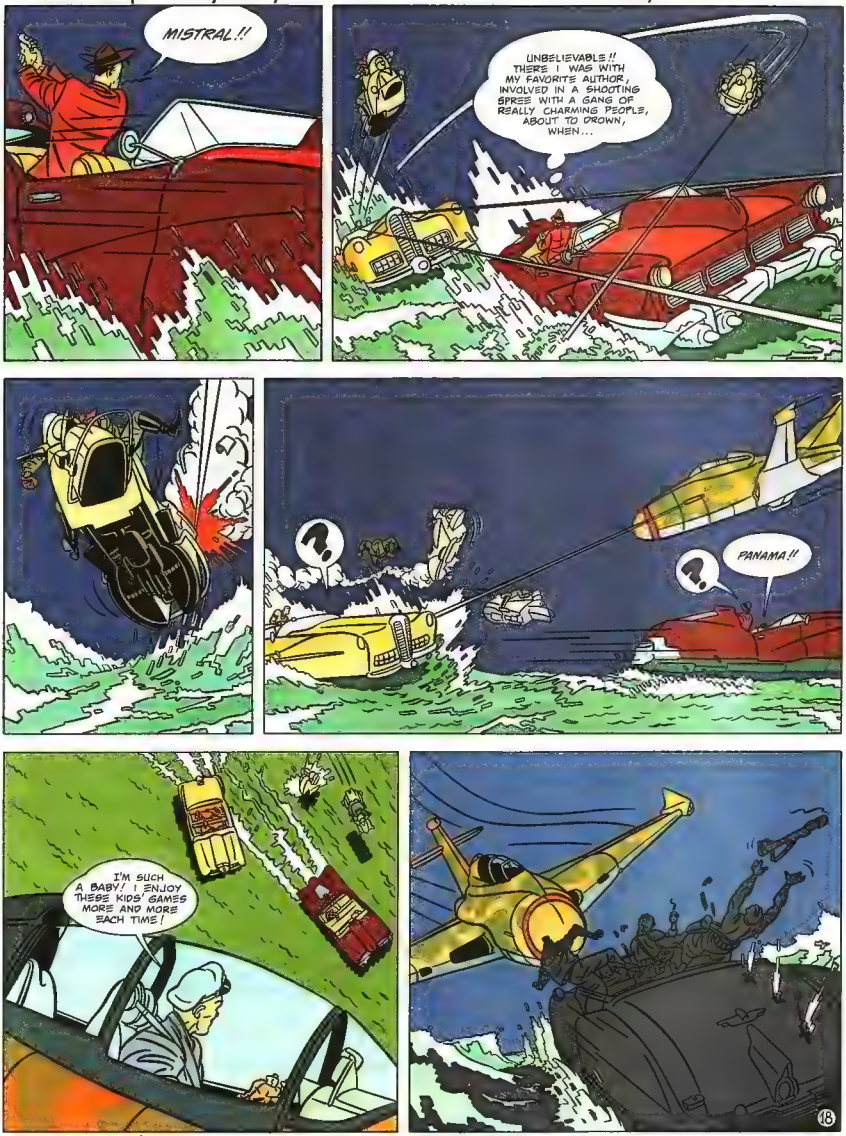
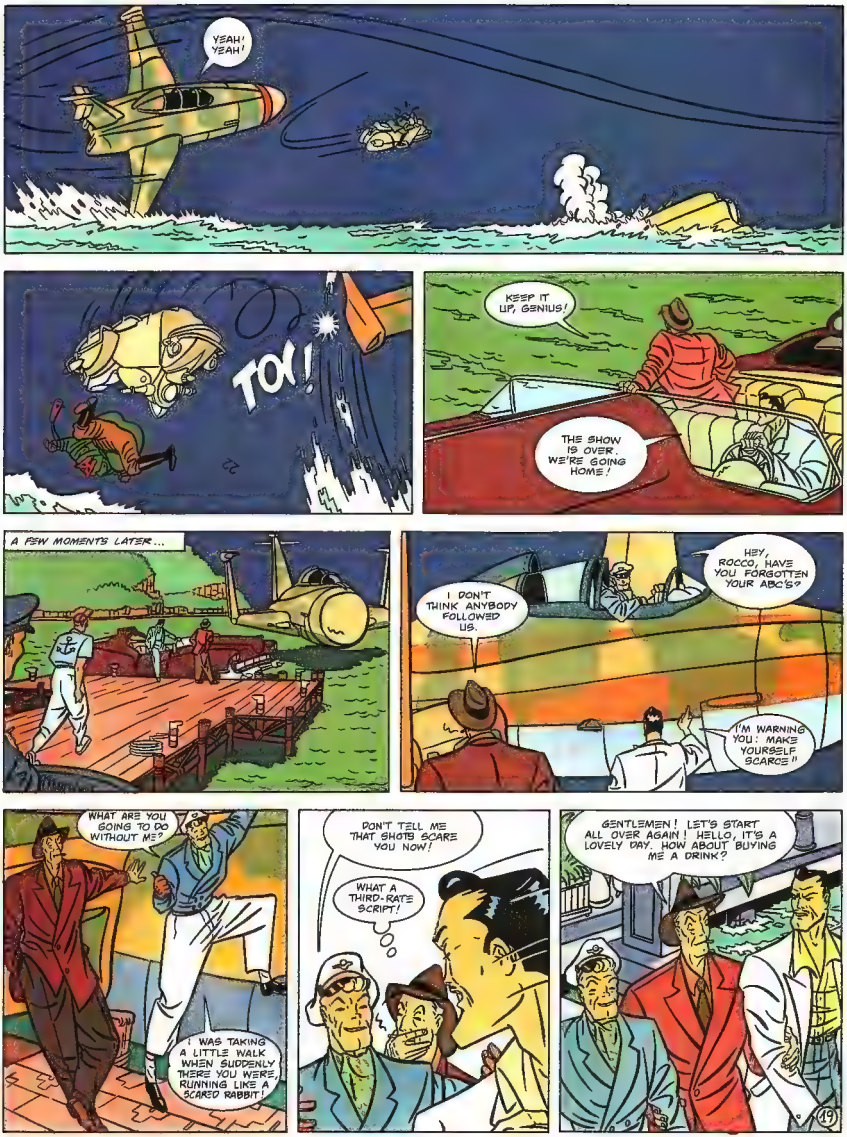
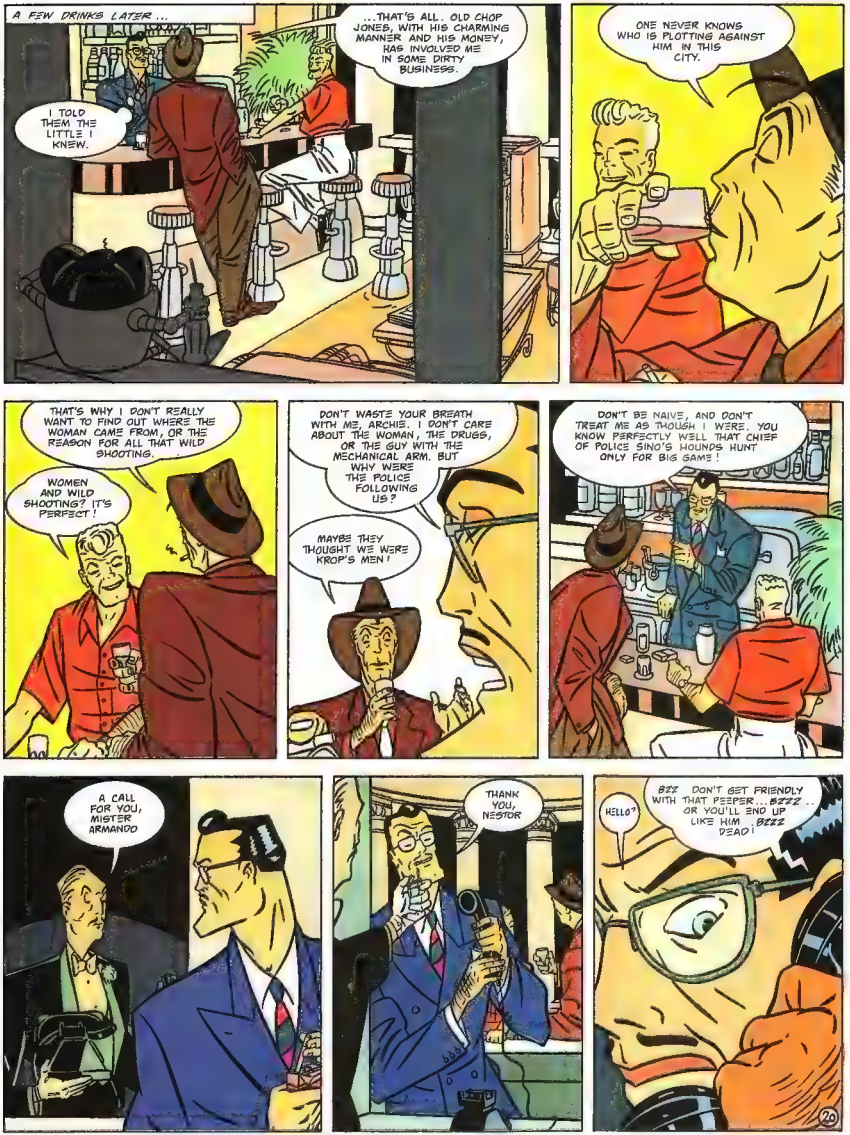

MISTRAL!!
UNBELIEVABLE!! THERE I WAS WITH MY FAVORITE AUTHOR, INVOLVED IN A SHOOTING SPREE WITH A GANG OF REALLY CHARMING PEOPLE, ABOUT TO DROWN, WHEN...
?
?
PANAMA!!
I'M SUCH A BABY! I ENJOY THESE KIDS' GAMES MORE AND MORE EACH TIME!
18


YEAH, YEAH!
TOK!
KEEP IT UP, GENIUS!
THE SHOW IS OVER. WE'RE GOING HOME!
A FEW MOMENTS LATER...
I DON'T THINK ANYBODY FOLLOWED US.
HEY, ROCCO, HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN YOUR ABC'S?
I'M WARNING YOU: MAKE YOURSELF SCARCE!!
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITHOUT ME?
I WAS TAKING A LITTLE WALK WHEN SUDDENLY THERE YOU WERE, RUNNING LIKE A SCARED RABBIT!
DON'T TELL ME THAT SHOTS SCARE YOU NOW!
WHAT A THIRD-RATE SCRIPT!
GENTLEMEN! LET'S START ALL OVER AGAIN! HELLO, IT'S A LOVELY DAY. HOW ABOUT BUYING ME A DRINK?
19


A FEW DRINKS LATER...
I TOLD THEM THE LITTLE I KNEW.
..THAT'S ALL. OLD CHOP JONES, WITH HIS CHARMING MANNER AND HIS MONEY, HAS INVOLVED ME IN SOME DIRTY BUSINESS.
ONE NEVER KNOWS WHO IS PLOTTING AGAINST HIM IN THIS CITY.
THAT'S WHY I DON'T REALLY WANT TO FIND OUT WHERE THE WOMAN CAME FROM, OR THE REASON FOR ALL THAT WILD SHOOTING.
WOMEN AND WILD SHOOTING? IT'S PERFECT!
DON'T WASTE YOUR BREATH WITH ME, ARCHIE. I DON'T CARE ABOUT THE WOMAN, THE DRUGS, OR THE GUY WITH THE MECHANICAL ARM. BUT WHY WERE THE POLICE FOLLOWING US?
MAYBE THEY THOUGHT WE WERE KROP'S MEN!
DON'T BE NAIVE, AND DON'T TREAT ME AS THOUGH I WERE. YOU KNOW PERFECTLY WELL THAT CHIEF OF POLICE SINO'S HOUNDS HUNT ONLY FOR BIG GAME!
A CALL FOR YOU, MISTER ARMANDO
THANK YOU, NESTOR
HELLO?
BZZ DON'T GET FRIENDLY WITH THAT PEEPER.. BZZZ.. OR YOU'LL END UP LIKE HIM, DEAD! BZZZ
20

AAGG...
?
GGGG....
A HAR-POON!
THE SHOT CAME FROM THE BEACH!
I CAN'T SEE A THING!
KIP, GRR!!
TOK!
UNK!
JJJ!
24

CLIC!
BLAM!
CLIK!
WHAT BAD LUCK! I LOST ALL MY MEN!
IF I HADN'T UNDERESTIMATED HIS STRENGTH, I COULD HAVE KILLED THE WHISPER.
IT'S TOO LATE NOW TO ASK FOR ANOTHER COMMANDO. I'LL HAVE TO RESORT TO SOMETHING ELSE, AND IN A HURRY
OH, I AM SO SAD! I'VE GOT TO CATCH A THIEF!
HE STOLE MY HEART ...AND NOW THE SIREN NEVER STOPS..
EEEEE
22

HOY
HOY
POOR ARCHIE! HE TOLD ME HE WAS GOING TO TRY TO BECOME A WRITER.
THESE GUYS, THEY EITHER END UP LIKE THIS OR THEY START WRITING ABOUT THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPENED.
BE CAREFUL, PANAMA, DON'T LET ANYTHING OUT.
UHG!
HEY, CHIEF! THIS GUY'S NAME WAS ARCHIE COOPER. A THIRD-RATE PRIVATE DETECTIVE
ANOTHER SAD CASE
AND WHAT'S MORE, HE'S A FISH OUT OF WATER
WHO'S THAT?
HELL! CHIEF OF POLICE SINO, IN PERSON!
GENTLEMEN, I'D LIKE TO INTRODUCE
I DON'T ASK MY CLIENTS FOR A PEDIGREE.
IT'S NOT NECESSARY, EVERYBODY KNOWS ME. WHAT CAN YOU TELL ME ABOUT THE STIFF?
AND NEITHER OF YOU KNOWS ANYTHING ABOUT THE PARTY AT THE NINTH PIER EARLIER THIS EVENING?
I DON'T LIKE THAT KIND OF ENTERTAINMENT, THANKS.
GOOD!
23

JUST THIS. SOMEBODY WAS SO KIND AS TO CALL ME UP AND TELL ME WHAT WAS GOING TO HAPPEN TO THE DETECTIVE. AT THAT MOMENT ALL MY CURIOSITY LEFT ME AND WENT FOR A WALK—
— OFF A SHORT PIER, HUH ?
THAT'S RIGHT!

LET ME SEE IF I'VE GOT IT RIGHT: A HIGH OFFICIAL IN THE SOLAR SYSTEM, INVOLVED IN DRUG TRAFFICKING, PUTS IN OVERTIME TO COME HERE AND TRY TO SCARE US WITH HIS BLUFF...

BOF!
HOLD IT! LET HIM RAVE.

FORGET ALL ABOUT IT, MISTRAL. A CORPSE ALWAYS ATTRACTS NOSY PEOPLE; TWO OF THEM WOULD BE BAD NEWS FOR YOUR CLUB. AND THE THIRD ONE COULD BE YOU!
TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOUR GUTSY FRIEND

YOU WON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO HIM, WILL YOU? I HAVEN'T LOOKED FOR MY OLD FRIEND FOR ALL THESE YEARS JUST TO SEE HIM COWER BEFORE A THREAT!

FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, LEAVE, PANAMA! YOU HAVE GIVEN ME NOTHING BUT TROUBLE SINCE YOU CAME.

YOU WERE AT THE TOP, ROCCO. IN A VERY SHORT TIME YOU COULD HAVE BEEN A REAL LEADER!... BUT YOU DECIDED TO GET OLD.

WELL, I HAVEN'T AND I STILL BELIEVE THAT THERE IS A LOT WE SPACE-RIDERS CAN DO
I'LL LEAVE TOMORROW MORNING

HERE IS THE MONGO CLUB, MISTER. IT'S WHERE THAT MURDER TOOK PLACE LAST NIGHT.
GOOD-BYE, SAMSON GIVE MY REGARDS TO RUBY.
GOOD-BYE, MISTER PANAMA.
TX
ROCCO, WE STILL HAVE QUITE A FEW YEARS OF LIFE LEFT, BUT OUR TIME TOGETHER HAS COME TO AN END.
PLEASE EXCUSE MY CLUMSY INTERFERING...
...BUT MY IGNORANT SELF WOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHICH OF YOU IS THE HONORABLE ARMANDO MISTRAL.
HE'S THE ONE WITH THE VENERABLE NASTY LOOK!
PERMIT ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF: CHOP JONES, YOUR HUMBLE SERVANT.
JONES!!
!
25

TO BE CONTINUED

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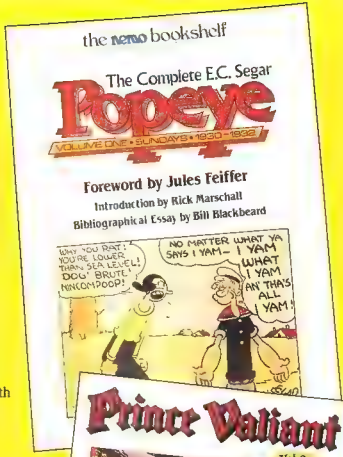
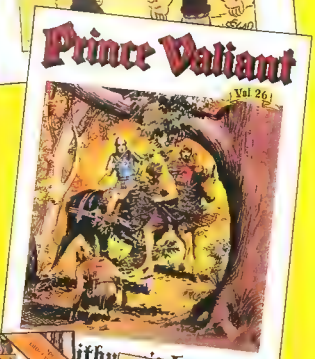

the NEMO bookshelf
The Complete E.C. Segar
Popeye
VOLUME ONE • SUNDAYS • 1930-1932
Foreword by Jules Feiffer
Introduction by Rick Marschall
Bibliographical Essay by Bill Blackbeard
WHY YOU RAT! YOU'RE LOWER THAN SEA LEVEL! DOG! BRUTE! NINCOMPOOP!
NO MATTER WHAT YA SAYS I YAM— I YAM I YAM I YAM AN' THAT'S ALL I YAM!

The Complete E.C. Segar Popeye

A projected eight-volume series, dedicated to reprinting the adventures of the unstoppable sailorman, in a giant 11" x 15" format. Two volumes available, with the third slated for this summer! With introductions by Jules Feiffer and Mort Walker, and bibliographical data by series editor Richard Marschall and Bill Blackbeard.



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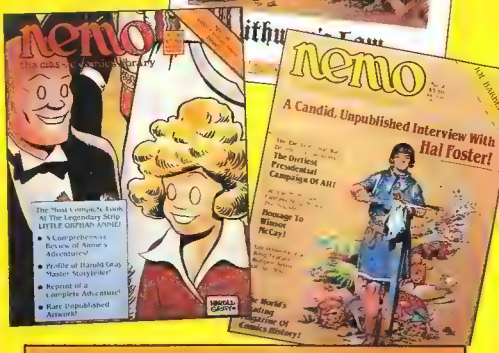
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NEMO #8: All *Little Orphan Annie* issue, with a complete 1929 Annie tale.

NEMO #9: Hal Foster interviewed, McManus's *Nibsy the Newsboy*, original Hal Foster Valiant cover, more.

NEMO #10: *Miss Peach's* Mell Lazarus, Gustave Verbeeck, and cartoonists' Christmas cards

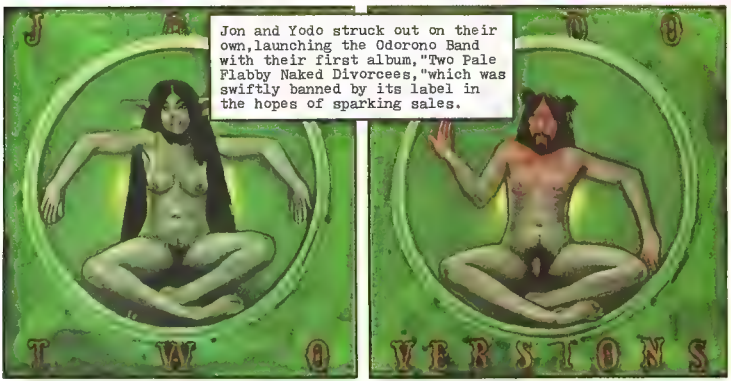
NEMO #11: Charles Dana Gibson, the debut of *Sam's Strip, Slim Jim*, and more.

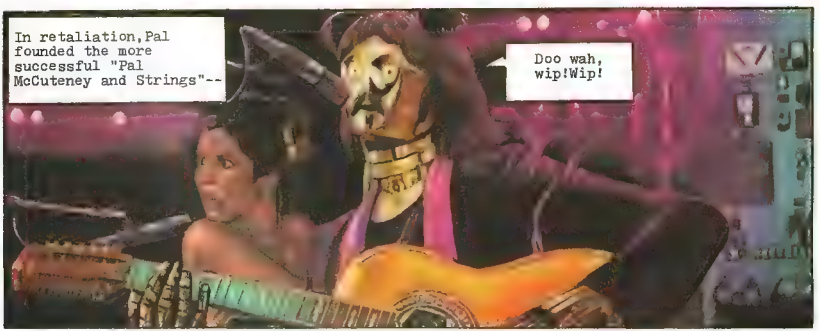
NEMO #12: Special feature on WWII in the cartoons, plus *Sam's Strip*, more

NEMO Annual #1: Screwball Comics! Dr Seuss, Rube Goldberg, *Smokey Stover*, much more. Giant 11" x 17" format!

Popeye & Prince Valiant © King Features Syndicate

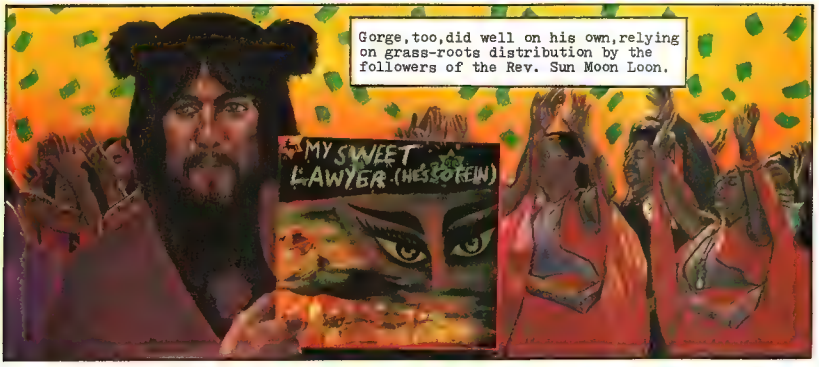
And so,at last,the Betels took their final curtain call.The break-up of the group had begun with the double wedding of Jon to avant-garde artiste Yodo Ono,and of Pal to the Princess Easy-Leia Orgasma.
Yodo Ono tells her side of the story:
...wear pink stretch tights onstage while they chanted Tibetan hymns, but Pal said no. I was the first really talented lady Pal had ever met--
--and,hey!He just couldn't handle that.He was a racist pig,too.

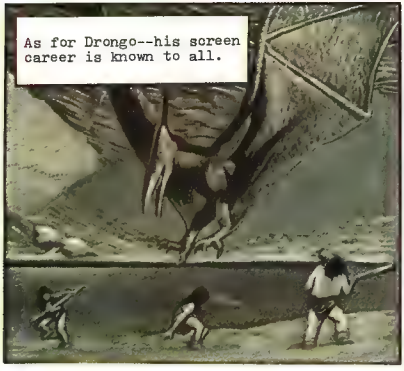

Jon and Yodo struck out on their own,launching the Odorono Band with their first album,"Two Pale Flabby Naked Divorcees,"which was swiftly banned by its label in the hopes of sparking sales.
TWO VERSIONS


In retaliation,Pal founded the more successful "Pal McCuteney and Strings"--
Doo wah, wip!Wip!

--with wife Easyleia firmly in the saddle.Their career culminated in the hit movie:
Oh,yes!Yes! Please! Please!

SEND MY RECEIPTS TO DUN & BRADSTR T


Gorge,too,did well on his own,relying on grass-roots distribution by the followers of the Rev. Sun Moon Loon.
MY SWEET LAWYER (HE'S STEIN)


As for Drongo--his screen career is known to all.

BurgerTime
Stupid cow!
Who has not seen this beloved comic actor slapping a starlet around in front of some chic Heavenly Hills eatery?

But Rocky, as the loyal reader must know, was not the most talented of the Betels--in fact, he was tone-deaf.

ROCKY'S GALACTIC TOUR

An attempt was made by his recording company to send him on tour, but the cost was prohibitive--he needed a back-up singer for the high notes, another for the low notes, and so on.

And on vibes, looking very relaxed...

His prescription cough syrup usage, too, had become a problem. By now he was highballing ten bottles a day of NYQUIL--

--and his motor control was so loose that he had to be swathed in giant diapers.

One by one, his sycophantic entourage deserted him.

©1985 ROD "ROBOT USSIN" KIERKEGAARD, JR.

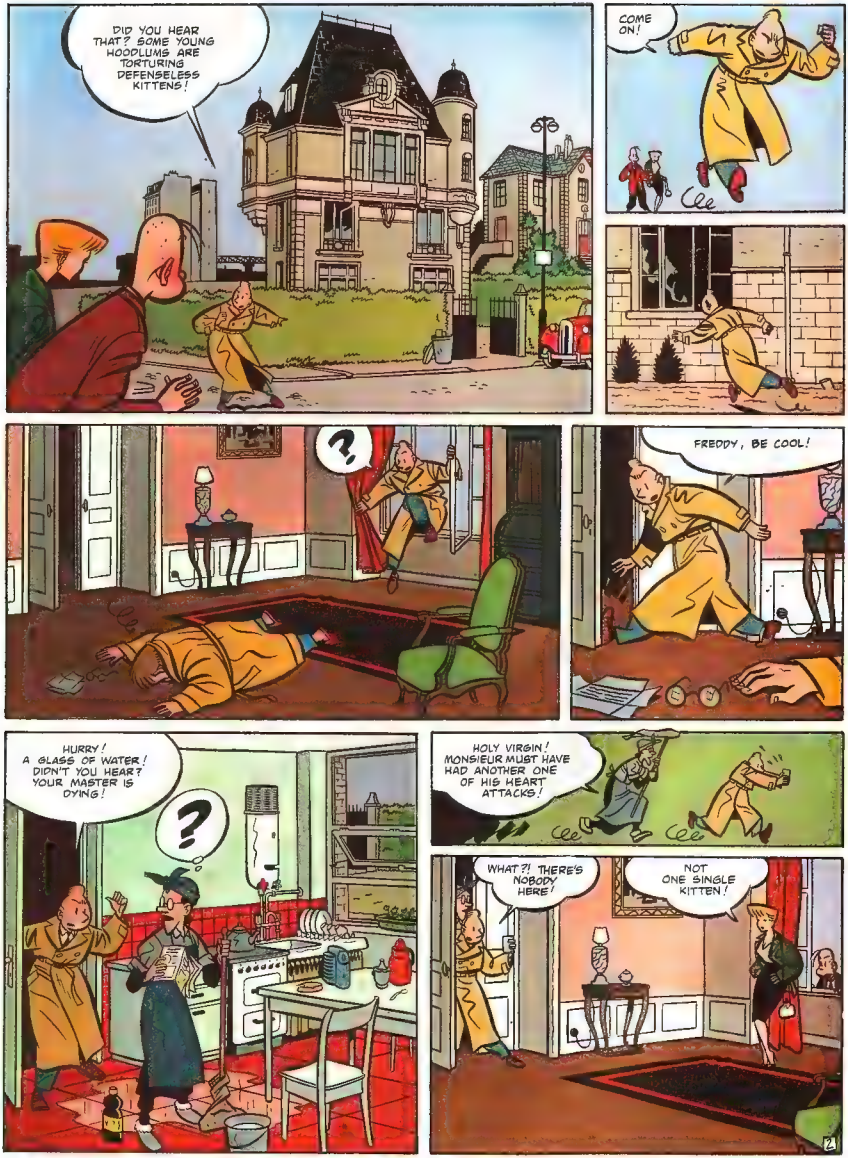
Finally, he ended up in a seedy motel room on skid row--slapped with a paternity suit by a Process Servo-Robot...

Sor-ry!

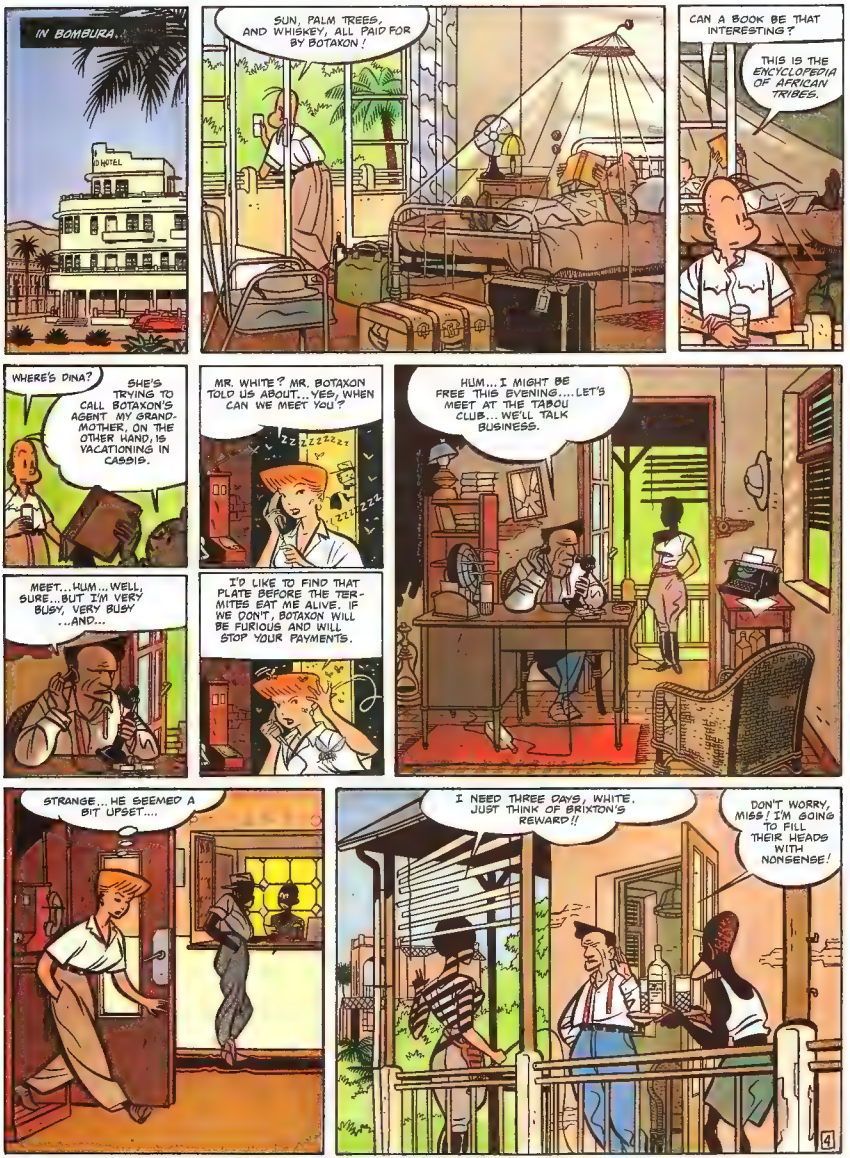
Who-who are you?
I'm your wife--the court awarded you to me in lieu of assets.
But I've never seen you before in my life!
We were married by computer message board--the Chicken Supreme Court ruled it was valid. This is our son, Junior.
Hey, Daddy-O-I'm hungry!
What does the little tyke eat? YEEEOW!
People--of course.
And so, like Jon and Pal, Rocky Starzborne had his first taste of family life....
YUCK!

by Yves Chaland

A SUNNY AFTERNOON IN THE SUBURBS...
ELEPHANT CEMETERY
NEUILLY
CHIEN MECHANT
FREDDY, CALM DOWN! YOU CAN'T EXPECT TO RECOGNIZE THE NEIGHBORHOOD AFTER TEN YEARS!
IT'S ACTUALLY BETTER LIKE THIS: IF YOU HAD FOUND YOUR FRIEND, YOU PROBABLY WOULD HAVE BEEN DISAPPOINTED!
AND VICE VERSA!
JUST THINK— HE MIGHT BE A POLICEMAN, A LEGIONNAIRE, A LAWYER.... YOU REALLY DON'T KNOW...
HE COULD BE AN ACCOUNTANT OR A DOCTOR.
HE'S PROBABLY MARRIED TO A SHREW AND HAS 12 HORRIBLE CHILDREN! YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN SICK AS SOON AS YOU SAW HIM!
HE HE HE HE!
AAAARG


DID YOU HEAR THAT? SOME YOUNG HOODLUMS ARE TORTURING DEFENSELESS KITTENS!
COME ON!
?
FREDDY, BE COOL!
HURRY! A GLASS OF WATER! DIDN'T YOU HEAR? YOUR MASTER IS DYING!
?
HOLY VIRGIN! MONSIEUR MUST HAVE HAD ANOTHER ONE OF HIS HEART ATTACKS!
WHAT?! THERE'S NOBODY HERE!
NOT ONE SINGLE KITTEN!

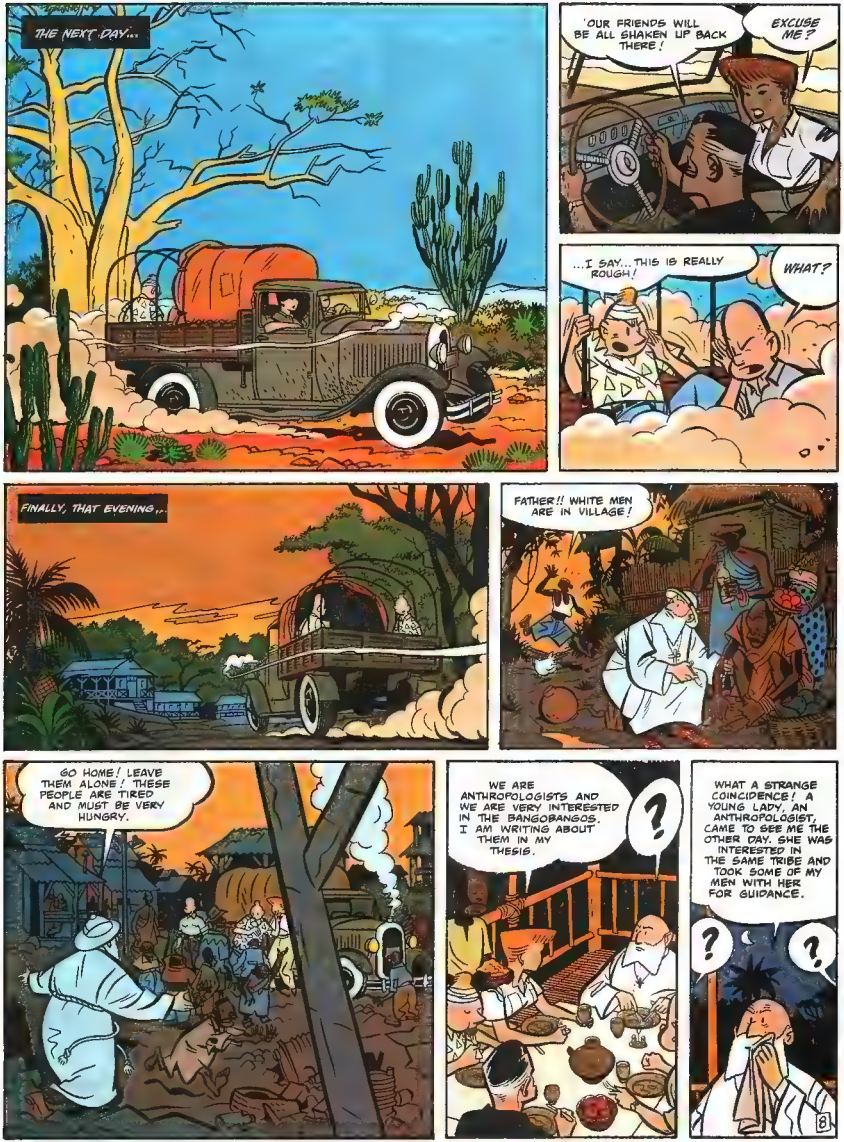
MELANIE, HURRY!
AH, MR. BOTAXON! THE HOLY VIRGIN BE THANKED!
MELANIE, I'M LEAVING FOR AFRICA. RESERVE A SEAT FOR ME ON THE NEXT FLIGHT.
IT'S OUT OF THE QUESTION. YOU CANNOT UNDERTAKE A TRIP LIKE THAT WITH YOUR HEART CONDITION!
THANKS FOR YOUR CONCERN, BUT WHITE, MY AGENT IN URUNDI, HAS WRITTEN TELLING ME THAT HE HAS LOCATED A VERY RARE PLATE!
A PLATE?!
YES! IMAGINE MY FEELINGS WHEN I GOT THIS TELEGRAM: HE'S FOUND THE PHOTOGRAPHIC PLATE WITH A PORTRAIT OF LIVINGSTON, THE GREAT EXPLORER.
I HAVE BEEN COLLECTING PHOTOGRAPHIC PLATES SINCE I WAS SIX. NOWADAYS PEOPLE ARE USING CELLULOID FILM — SO VULGAR — INSTEAD OF GLASS PLATES... WE LIVE IN AN ERA OF DECADENCE, DON'T YOU THINK? OH, BUT MAYBE YOU WOULD LIKE TO SEE MY COLLECTION?
WELL... WE...
BEAUTIFUL, ISN'T IT?... AND HERE IS A NADAR FROM 1858....
THERE THEY ARE -- 5,362 PIECES IN ALL. IT'S THE BIGGEST COLLECTION IN THE WORLD, BUT MY ENGLISH RIVAL, JOHN BRIXTON, IS CATCHING UP WITH ME.... LOOK AT THIS....
I TOOK IT. HE-HE-HE! I'M ALSO AN AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER.
DON'T EVEN THINK OF GOING ON THAT TRIP! IT'S OUT OF THE QUESTION.
BUT MELANIE, IF BRIXTON MANAGES TO LAY HIS DIRTY HANDS ON THAT LIVINGSTON PLATE, MY HEART WON'T BE ABLE TO TAKE IT!
THEY'RE VERY KIND, BUT HOW CAN WE MAKE A GRACIOUS EXIT?
LET'S SEE. I'M SURE THAT THESE THREE YOUNG PEOPLE WILL NOT REFUSE TO HELP YOU AND WILL GO IN YOUR PLACE.
US!!!??!
TWO DAYS LATER...
3


IN BOMBURA...
HOTEL
SUN, PALM TREES, AND WHISKEY, ALL PAID FOR BY BOTAXON!
CAN A BOOK BE THAT INTERESTING?
THIS IS THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF AFRICAN TRIBES.
WHERE'S DINA?
SHE'S TRYING TO CALL BOTAXON'S AGENT MY GRANDMOTHER, ON THE OTHER HAND, IS VACATIONING IN CASBIS.
MR. WHITE? MR. BOTAXON TOLD US ABOUT... YES, WHEN CAN WE MEET YOU?
ZZZZZZZZZ
HUM... I MIGHT BE FREE THIS EVENING... LET'S MEET AT THE TABOU CLUB... WE'LL TALK BUSINESS.
MEET... HUM... WELL, SURE... BUT I'M VERY BUSY, VERY BUSY ...AND...
I'D LIKE TO FIND THAT PLATE BEFORE THE TERMITES EAT ME ALIVE. IF WE DON'T, BOTAXON WILL BE FURIOUS AND WILL STOP YOUR PAYMENTS.
STRANGE... HE SEEMED A BIT UPSET...
I NEED THREE DAYS, WHITE. JUST THINK OF BRIXTON'S REWARD!!
DON'T WORRY, MISS! I'M GOING TO FILL THEIR HEADS WITH NONSENSE!
4

THAT EVENING, AT THE TABOU CLUB...
COME ON, WHITE! LET'S GET DOWN TO BUSINESS!
HUM...
DAMN MUSIC... I'VE HEARD THIS SONG ONE HUNDRED TIMES, BUT IT ALWAYS MAKES ME SAD... IT'S TRUE THAT THERE ARE SOME EVENINGS IN WHICH ONE JUST FEELS LIKE CRYING....
ABOUT A MONTH AGO, I WENT TO SEE THE BANGOBANGOS REGARDING SOME BUSINESS TRANSACTIONS. IT'S A VERY SMALL TRIBE, EAST OF THE KITUMBA RIVER. IN ORDER TO SHOW RESPECT, THE WITCH DOCTOR INVITED ME TO HIS HUT. THAT'S WHERE I SAW THE PLATE....
...LIVINGSTON HIMSELF GAVE IT TO HIM! ALAS! HE REFUSED TO GIVE IT TO ME BECAUSE HE THINKS IT HAS MAGICAL POWERS AND THAT IT IS STILL INHABITED BY THE SOUL OF THE EXPLORER!
I HAVE PREPARED AN ITINERARY FOR YOU. WITH THIS MAP, YOU SHOULD HAVE NO TROUBLE FINDING THE BANGOBANGOS.
AS FAR AS THE NEGOTIATIONS ARE CONCERNED, I SUGGEST THAT YOU BRING SOME CURRENCY WITH YOU. GLASS BEADS HAVE LOST THEIR VALUE, EVEN AMONG THE BANGOBANGOS. HE-HE-HE!
AS FAR AS MONEY IS CONCERNED, I...
HEY!!
THE MAP? FREDDY, ARE YOU CRAZY OR SOMETHING??
YOU FILTHY LIAR!! YOU WON'T MAKE FREDDY LOMBARD BELIEVE THAT THE BANGOBANGOS LIVE EAST OF THE KITUMBA RIVER! THAT MAP IS AS IMAGINATIVE AS A PICASSO PAINTING!
5

NO VIOLENCE, PLEASE... I... I WAS JUST JOKING!... HE-HE!... AND MY STORY IS SOMEWHAT TRUE! LET ME GO! I HAVE THE REAL MAP IN MY POCKET....
NO FIGHTING IN HERE!
FUCK OFF!
GOOD GOING, KID! THAT SHUT HIM UP!
THAT WASN'T CIVIL, WAS IT?
CRAC
MAX HAS BEEN HIT! THE HONOR OF ALL SAILORS IS AT STAKE!
DOCKWORKERS, FOLLOW ME!
PONG
LET'S LEAVE! WHERE'S FREDDY? I'M SURE HE'S GOING TO GET IT!
BAM
WHERE AM I? WHERE ARE SWEEP AND DINA?

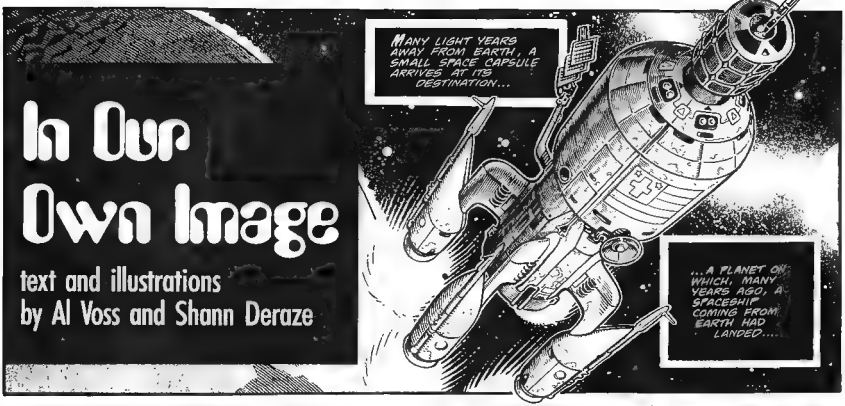
SWEEP! DINA!!
DINA!!
CALM DOWN AND DRINK THIS HERBAL TEA.
ICH! IT'S DELICIOUS! WHERE ARE WE?
ON A STEAMER. WE'VE BEEN TRAVELING ON THE KUTULU RIVER FOR NEARLY TWO DAYS.
...TWO DAYS?...
YOU HAVE BEEN DELIRIOUS FOR THE PAST THREE DAYS.
THE KUTULU RIVER? WE'RE GOING TOWARD BANGO-BANGO TERRITORY.
WE FOUND WHITE'S MAP IN YOUR HAND.
TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE CRUISE AND REST. WE'LL START MEETING CANNIBALS TOMORROW.
AHHH!
STRATTON IS A FAMOUS ANIMAL TRACKER WITH A PASSION FOR WHISKEY. I'M GOING TO LEAVE YOU WITH HIM ALONG WITH HIS USUAL QUANTITY OF BOOZE. HE WON'T REFUSE TO HELP YOU IF YOU PAY HIM, BUT BE TOUGH, NEGOTIATE, OR HE WILL ASK A FORTUNE!
BACK TO OUR BANGOBANGOS. THEY LIVE DEEP IN THE JUNGLE. FATHER BEULEMANS WILL GIVE YOU A FEW PARISHIONERS TO GUIDE YOU, BUT HIS MISSION IS ABOUT 150 MILES FROM HERE. IT'S A WHOLE DAY OF DRIVING ON TERRIBLE TRAILS. NO, I WOULDN'T TAKE YOU THERE EVEN FOR...150 DOLLARS....
WELL, THIS WHISKEY IS THE BEST I'VE EVER TASTED! THAT OLD LOUT NEARLY HAD ME DIE OF THIRST!
TEN DOLLARS, MR. STRATTON, AND NOT A CENT MORE!
!!!

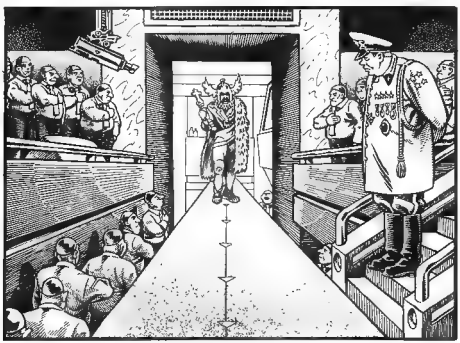

THE NEXT DAY...
OUR FRIENDS WILL BE ALL SHAKEN UP BACK THERE!
EXCUSE ME?
...I SAY... THIS IS REALLY ROUGH!
WHAT?
FINALLY, THAT EVENING...
FATHER!! WHITE MEN ARE IN VILLAGE!
GO HOME! LEAVE THEM ALONE! THESE PEOPLE ARE TIRED AND MUST BE VERY HUNGRY.
WE ARE ANTHROPOLOGISTS AND WE ARE VERY INTERESTED IN THE BANGOBANGOS. I AM WRITING ABOUT THEM IN MY THESIS.
?
WHAT A STRANGE COINCIDENCE! A YOUNG LADY, AN ANTHROPOLOGIST, CAME TO SEE ME THE OTHER DAY. SHE WAS INTERESTED IN THE SAME TRIBE AND TOOK SOME OF MY MEN WITH HER FOR GUIDANCE.
?
?

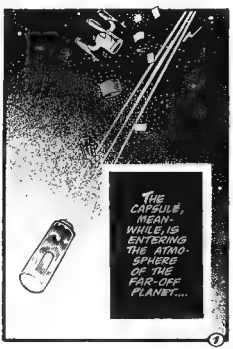
TO BE CONTINUED

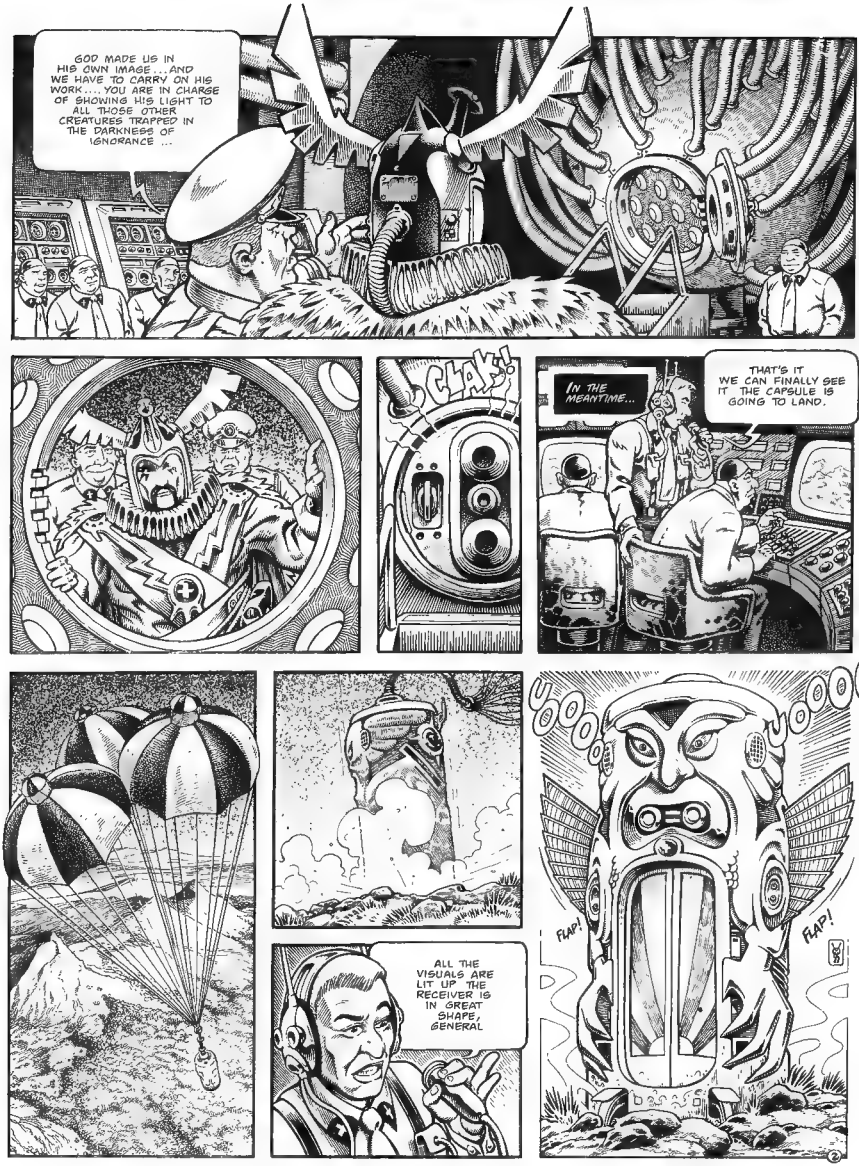
In Our Own Image

text and illustrations by Al Voss and Shann Deraze

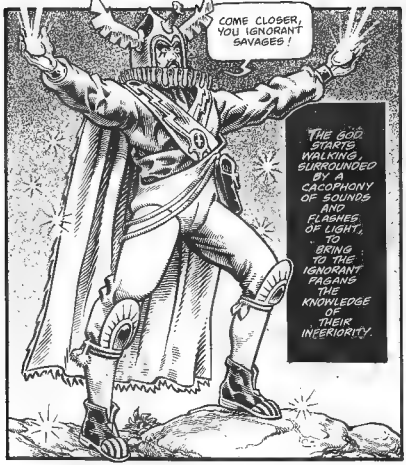

MANY LIGHT YEARS AWAY FROM EARTH, A SMALL SPACE CAPSULE ARRIVES AT ITS DESTINATION...
...A PLANET ON WHICH, MANY YEARS AGO, A SPACESHIP COMING FROM EARTH HAD LANDED....

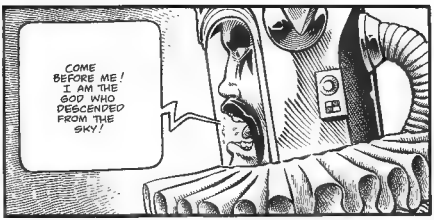




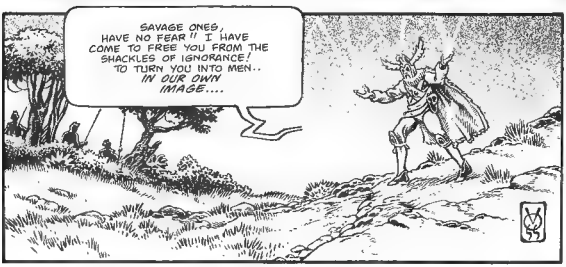

GOD MADE US IN HIS OWN IMAGE... AND WE HAVE TO CARRY ON HIS WORK... YOU ARE IN CHARGE OF SHOWING HIS LIGHT TO ALL THOSE OTHER CREATURES TRAPPED IN THE DARKNESS OF IGNORANCE ...
CLAK!
IN THE MEANTIME...
THAT'S IT WE CAN FINALLY SEE IT THE CAPSULE IS GOING TO LAND.
ALL THE VISUALS ARE LIT UP THE RECEIVER IS IN GREAT SHAPE, GENERAL
FLAP!
FLAP!

EVERYTHING IS READY! SIRENS, FLASHES, AND RECEIVING ANTENNAE ARE ALL IN PLACE GOOD LUCK, CAPTAIN BLAVOS, AND GLORY BE TO GOD!
CAPTAIN BLAVOS, TRANSFORMED INTO AN ELECTRON BEAM, IS SENT [VIA AN ACCELERATOR CANNON] ACROSS INTERSTELLAR SPACE...
...TO THE ANTENNAE OF THE CAPSULE, WHICH WILL RECEIVE THE SIGNAL AND WILL RECONSTITUTE HIS IMAGE....
GENERAL! WE SEE SOME CREATURES ON THE SCREEN!
HUMAN BEINGS!
I WANT A CLEAR PICTURE OF THOSE SAVAGES!
HELLO, BASE? I'M IN THE CAPSULE. ALL IS WELL.
HUMANS? YES, RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME I'LL GO OUT AND SHOW MYSELF.


COME CLOSER, YOU IGNORANT SAVAGES!
THE GOD STARTS WALKING, SURROUNDED BY A CACOPHONY OF SOUNDS AND FLASHES OF LIGHT, TO BRING TO THE IGNORANT PAGANS THE KNOWLEDGE OF THEIR INFERIORITY.

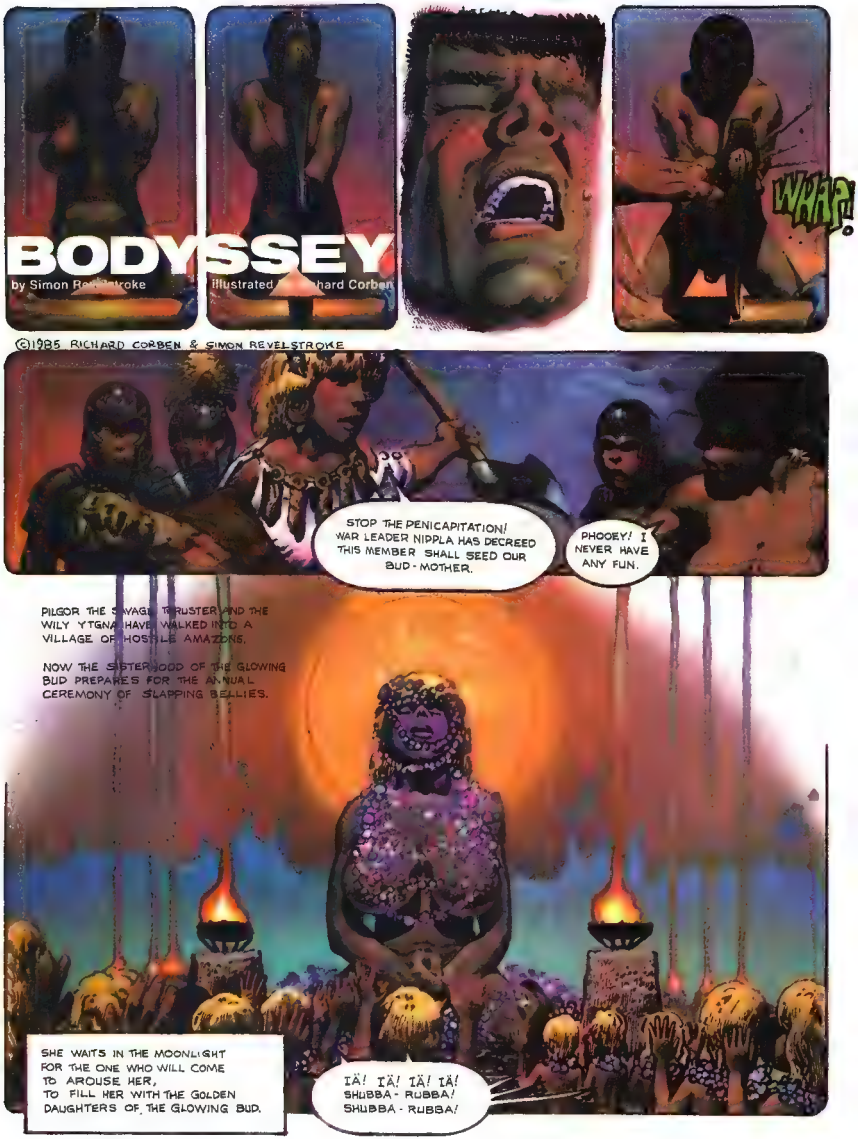

COME BEFORE ME! I AM THE GOD WHO DESCENDED FROM THE SKY!

THEY ARE TRYING TO HIDE, GENERAL! WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?
TELL HIM TO GO FORWARD HE MUST TRY TO MAKE CONTACT WITH THOSE PRIMITIVE BEINGS.


SAVAGE ONES, HAVE NO FEAR!! I HAVE COME TO FREE YOU FROM THE SHACKLES OF IGNORANCE! TO TURN YOU INTO MEN.. IN OUR OWN IMAGE....

THE SHADOWS AROUND HIM GROW MORE AND MORE NUMEROUS....

AH! I.. OH! YOU YOU.. NO!... STAY WHERE YOU ARE!!


BODYSSEY
by Simon Revelstroke
illustrated by Richard Corben
WHAP!
©1985 RICHARD CORBEN & SIMON REVELSTROKE
STOP THE PENICAPITATION! WAR LEADER NIPPLA HAS DECREED THIS MEMBER SHALL SEED OUR BUD-MOTHER.
PHOOEY! I NEVER HAVE ANY FUN.
PILGOR THE SAVAGE THRUSTER AND THE WILY YTGNA HAVE WALKED INTO A VILLAGE OF HOSTILE AMAZONS.
NOW THE SISTERHOOD OF THE GLOWING BUD PREPARES FOR THE ANNUAL CEREMONY OF SLAPPING BELLIES.
SHE WAITS IN THE MOONLIGHT FOR THE ONE WHO WILL COME TO AROUSE HER, TO FILL HER WITH THE GOLDEN DAUGHTERS OF THE GLOWING BUD.
IÄ! IÄ! IÄ! IÄ! SHUBBA-RUBBA! SHUBBA-RUBBA!

I'M SUPPOSED TO DO WHAT?!
IT'SS A PIESSSE OF CAKE, PILGOR. THEY TELL ME THE BUD-MOTHER NEEDSSS JUSST A LITTLE FOREPLAY -- FOUR OR FIVE HOURSSS, AT THE MOSSST. SSSAY, HOW'SS YOUR "TECHNIQUE"?
YOU - YOU SNAKE! YOU HAD THIS IN MIND ALL ALONG!
SS SSSS S SSS. DON'T BE A SSPOIL-SSSPORT. YOU'RE EMINENTLY BETTER EQUIPPED FOR THE TASSSK THAN ME. JUST GO EASSSY ON HER, BIG FELLA. SSSS SSS SSSS.
WAIT, YTGNA! YOU'RE FORGETTING WE'VE A SLIGHT PROBLEM.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN "WE"?
LOVE TO LOVE HIM LOVE HER! UH-HUH! UH-HUH!
YOU SEE, I GOT HIT ON MY HEAD AND I HAVEN'T BEEN MYSELF, AND I'VE LOST MY SWORD AGAIN. I NEED MY SWORD... I NEED TO POLISH... MY... SWORD.
C'MON, DAMN YOU! GET IT UP AND GET GOING!

LIZARD, BECAUSE YOU BROUGHT US A DATE FOR OUR MOTHER, I'VE DECIDED TO GIVE YOU THE ONE YOU SEEK
THAT'SSS AMMORA! I'D RECOGNIZE THOSSSE JUDDERING BREASSSTSSS ANYWHERE! BUT WHAT ABOUT MY FORMER COMRADE'SS SSSWORD?
NO SWORD! YOU MALES ALL HAVE THE SAME OBJECTIONABLE HABIT: YOU LIKE TO STICK LONG OBJECTS INSIDE US.
NOW SCRAM - BEFORE I DECIDE TO TURN YOU INTO A WAR GIRDLE AND A NICE PAIR OF SANDALS!
UUUURRRRHHH!
YTGNA!
AMMORA! QUICKLY! THISSS WAY! THERE ISSS SSSOMETHING YOU MUSSST DO.
OVER HERE - BEHIND THESSSE ROCKSSS!
NO! NOT THERE! THAT IS THE GRAVE OF THE TITAN, PHALLUS THE PHALLEN!
THE SISTERHOOD IS FORBIDDEN TO WALK THERE
DON'T GIVE ME THAT SSSACRED TOTEM, TRIBAL TABOO BULLSSSHIT!
I NEED PILGOR'SSS SSSWORD BACK, AND YOU'RE GOING TO GET IT FOR ME.
SMAK
CLUMSSSY CUNT!
THUMP

YTGNA, THERE'S SOMETHING YOU OUGHT TO KNOW.
SSSINCCE YOU ALL LOOK ALIKE, YOU CAN PENETRATE NIPPLA'SS INNER CHAMBERSSS AND RUMMAGE THROUGH HER DRAWERSS!
YTGNA!
FIND THAT SSWORD AND BRING IT TO ME. I'LL BE WAITING...
YTGNA!!
...NEAR THE GATE. WHAT ARE YOU DOING UP THERE?
AAIIEEEEE!
UHUHURRRR
SSSSSSSS S SSSSS SS SSSS HIT!
AMMORA, WHAT'VE YOU DONE?
I TRIED TO TELL HIM-
THE TITAN!
- THAT IF ANY WOMAN WALKS UPON THE GRAVE OF PHALLUS THE PHALLEN, HE WILL RISE TO DESTROY US!
EEEEE

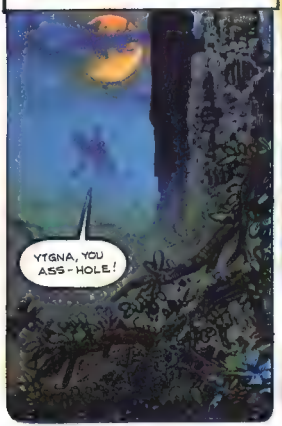
THE AMAZONS VIEW THE GIANT WITH MIXED EMOTIONS.
HE'S SORTA CUTE!
UGGHH! ICK! REPULSIVO!
I FEEL SO STRANGE. MY LOINS ARE A-BOIL. I WOULD HAVE THEM LANCED!
AS ONE, THE WOMEN RUSH THE SWELLING COLUMN, STRIVING TO HOLD IT DOWN THIS, HOWEVER, EXCITES THE TITAN ALL THE MORE.
UUUUWWHH!
HUHH?
PHALLUS, DISTRACTED, SWINGS TOWARD AN OBJECT OF NEW INTEREST.
OOOOOOOOOOOOHHH!!!
GRRUNNNT
TIE IT DOWN!
GET COLD WATER - LOTS OF COLD WATER!
BUT THE GIANT IS DRAWN BY THE HEAT OF ANOTHER NEARBY AND WILL NOT BE RESTRAINED.
OOOOOHHH!

FORWARD!
PILGOR REMAINS STEADFASTLY LIMP AS A CHEESE LOG ON A HOT DAY.
GLUB! LISTEN! IT'S NO USE!
BACK!
I WISH SOMETHING WOULD STOP ME NOW!
OKAY! WE TRIED IT THE EASY WAY. NOW YOU'RE GOING IN - HEAD-FIRST!
WHAT'S THAT?
AAAIIEEE!!
SSSLAAP
OOOOOOOOH!
URG
UH
HUH
HUH
HUH
WHAP!

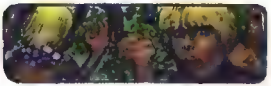
BUD-MOTHER IS NOT UNRECEPTIVE TO THE CHARMS OF PHALLUS THE PHALLEN. THE TOWERING TITAN HAS JUST ONE THOUGHT.

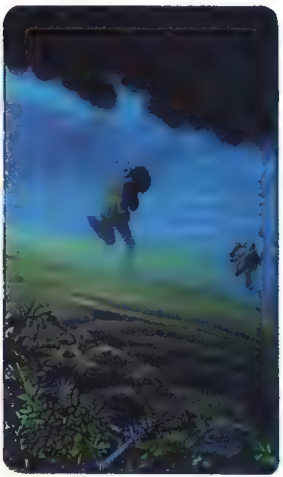
CRIES OF DESIRE RING THROUGH THE HUMID NIGHT. THE MOON, ITSELF PASSION-SWOLLEN, MODESTLY DRAWS A CURTAIN OF CLOUD ACROSS ITS EMBARRASSED FACE.

PILGOR, OF COURSE, HAS JUST ONE THING ON **HIS** MIND: HASTY WITHDRAWAL!



THE TWO TITANS TRAIPSE INTO THE DARKNESS...





...WHILE AMMORA AND YTGNA SEEK REFUGE IN THE OTHER DIRECTION, AMID THE GHOSTLY DUNES OF THE DESERT OF DEAD SUNS.

DAWN. A CHILL MOUNTAIN FOG SWIRLS THROUGH THE TRAMPLED VILLAGE.
IT WAS YOUR IDEA, AUREOLE! LET'S USE THE OUTLANDER TO SEED OUR BUD-MOTHER, YOU SAID! NOW LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENED!
BUT THE LIZARD SAID-
SHUT UP, AUREOLE! I'LL SKIN THE LIZARD FOR SURE IF I FIND HIM! NO MORE MS. NICE GUY! WE'RE GONNA SLAY THE TITAN, GET OUR MOTHER BACK, KILL THAT LIZARD, AND DE-BALL PILGOR!
BUT-
SHUT UP, AUREOLE!
THAT'S JUST FOR STARTERS. NEXT WE'RE GONNA GO TO WAR AGAINST ALL MEN! WHO NEEDS 'EM? AM I RIGHT?
TRA THAA
ALL MEN, I SAY. WE'LL LET THEM SUCK OUR SWORDS FOR A CHANGE! AFTER THAT - UH, WHAT?
KNEEL BEFORE THE GRANDEUR THAT ITH THUCULLUTH AGRIPPER!
HI THERE, GIRLS! LOOKS LIKE YOU HAD QUITE A PARTY HERE LAST NIGHT. ANYWAY, I HATE TO BOTHER YOU, BUT HAVE YOU SEEN THIS HUNK OF A GUY? BIG ARMS, BIG CHEST, BIG... HEH! HEH!... WELL, YOU KNOW...
GRRRRR!
AND I'SE

TRANCE-END

BOY! BACK IN THE '70's THOSE DOCTORS SURE THOUGHT THEY KNEW A LOT...
THEY CAME OUT WITH THAT SWINE FLU VACCINE IN RECORD TIME!
TROUBLE WAS, THEY NEGLECTED TO TELL ANYONE ABOUT THE POSSIBLE SIDE EFFECTS FOR THE NEXT GENERATION...

RON LINDAHN/VAL LAKEY LINDAHN

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

#2/MAY '77: Russian astronauts, "Conquering Armies," the ultimate rock festival, and more.

#3/JUNE '77: Macedo's "Rockblitz," highly praised "Shells," beginning of Davis's "World Apart," Moebius, Corben, Bodé, more.

#4/JULY '77: Lots of Moebius: "Arzach," "The Long Tomorrow", conclusion of "Sunpot."

#5/AUGUST '77: "Polonius" begins, "The Long Tomorrow" concludes, and "World Apart" and "Den" continue.

#6/SEPTEMBER '77: Roger Zelazny has a short story, and Moebius, a space opera; plus more "World Apart," "Den," and "Polonius."

#7/OCTOBER '77: Fiction by Theodore Sturgeon, Moebius's "Airtight Garage," "Den" and "Polonius" back again.

#8/NOVEMBER '77: New Harlan Ellison fiction, 9 color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud, conclusions for "Polonius" and "World Apart."

#9/DECEMBER '77: Extra pages for the complete "Vuzz," by Druillet, "Fortune's Fool," by Chaykin and Wein, plus full-color Corben, Macedo, Claveloux, and Moebius.

#10/JANUARY '78: Morrow illustrates Zelazny, Lob and Pichard update *Ulysses*, "Conquering Armies" concludes, "Den" continues.

#11/FEBRUARY '78: New adventures of "Barbarella," cover and center spread by Nino, plus Moebius and Corben.

#12/MARCH '78: Gray Morrow's swashbuckling "Orion" debuts; more "Barbarella," "Urm," and "Den."

#13/APRIL '78: Our 1st anniversary issue! A 30-page insert from "Paradise 9." "Barbarella" gives birth, while "Den" wraps it up.

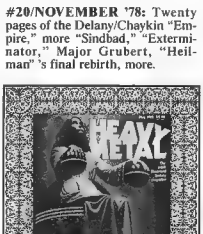
#14/MAY '78: "Urm the Mad" waves bye-bye, but "Orion" and "Barbarella" continue, and Alex Nino tips his hat.

#15/JUNE '78: Corben introduces Shahrazad. Sturgeon's classic "More Than Human" is illustrated, more "Barbarella," and the origins of "Heilman."

#16/JULY '78: A happy ending for "Barbarella," a sad ending for "1996," resumption of Druillet's "Gail," more "Heilman," "Orion," "More Than Human," and Corben's "Arabian Nights."

#19/OCTOBER '78: "Exterminator 17," Ellison's illustrated "Glass Goblin," debut of McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous."

#20/NOVEMBER '78: Twenty pages of the Delany/Chaykin "Empire," more "Sindbad," "Exterminator," Major Grubert, "Heilman" 's final rebirth, more.



#21/DECEMBER '78: The stocking's full with "Orion," Kirchner's "Tarot," and 12 beautiful pages of Moebius.

#22/JANUARY '79: Trina debuts and Druillet concludes "Gail," plus McKie and Corben.

#23/FEBRUARY '79: "Galactic Geographic," "Starcrown," Corben's "Sindbad," McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous."

#24/MARCH '79: Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Bester's "The Stars My Destination," "Starcrown" II, and Ellison's late show.

#29/AUGUST '79: Caza steals show with "New Ark City," plus Mayerik, Suydam, "Galactic Geographic," Bodé, more.

#30/SEPTEMBER '79: "Elric," "Buck Rogers," a lizard named "Elvis," and "Little Red V-3," alongside Montellier and Moebius.

#31/OCTOBER '79: A Halloween tribute to H. P. Lovecraft, with Moebius, Breccia, Druillet, Suydam, others.

#32/NOVEMBER '79: Corben's "Rowlf," Bodé's "Zooks," Brunner's "Elric," Chaykin's "Ths Stars My Destination," Moebius, and more.

#33/DECEMBER '79: A Christmas package from Caza, Corben, Kofoed, Suydam, Stiles, Trina, Moebius, and Ellison, plus "Gnomes" and "Giants."

#35/FEBRUARY '80: An eerie Gouratin cover adorns this issue. Corben's "The Beast of Wolfton" begins, McKie experiments with the Air Pump, and we join Matt Howarth on a crazed acid trip.

#36/MARCH '80: Why did "The Crevasse" take Jeannette? Read the Schuiten strip! Plus: Corben, Matena, Moebius, and Lee Marrs's "Good Vibrations."

#37/APRIL '80: Our 3rd anniversary issue—32 pages of "Champakou" in living color, final installment of Moebius's "Airtight Garage," plus Caza, Bilal, Howarth, Corben, Bodé—and more!

#38/MAY '80: Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Axle ever find out? Will "Champakou" reach the Doll of Jade? Will Joe strike out with the alien Marilyn, too?

#39/JUNE '80: "Champakou" meets his fate, while "Captain Sternn" saves the day. And it's the Flying Wallendas vs. Earth!

#41/AUGUST '80: Druillet returns with "Salammbo" while Moebius concludes "Shore Leave" (and is interviewed). Bilal continues "Progress!"

#49/APRIL '81: Corben's "Bloodstar," Giménez's "Good-bye, Soldier!," Harry North's "Stories from London," and an interview with Julio Ribera.

#50/MAY '81: Premiers of Chaykin's "Cody Starbuck" and Bilal's "The Immortals' Fête!" Plus: Suydam's "The Toll Bridge" and William S. Burroughs on immortality.

#51/JUNE '81: The 1st part of the Richard Corben interview, Jim Steranko's adaptation of *Outland* premieres, Howarth's "Changes" winds up. Plus: Caza, Chaykin, Crepax, and Workman!

#56/NOVEMBER '81: Jeronaton's "Egg of the World," Jeff Jones, Segrelles, and Bilal all frame the art of Leo and Diane Dillon beautifully.

#58/JANUARY '82: Our "Happy Future" issue. Includes Arno, Loustal, Voss, Hé, and Gillon; and "The Autonomous Man," all surrounded by Chaykin and Simonson, Segrelles, and Steranko.

#59/FEBRUARY '82: The further adventures of John Difool in "The Incal Light." Wein and Chaykin's "Gideon Faust" gets going—again. Plus Fernandez, Jones, Schuiten.

#60/MARCH '82: 2nd Special Rock Issue featuring Dick Matena's "A Life in the Day," a surrealistic look at the life of John Lennon. Luis Garcia's "Nova 2" begins. Plus "Mercenary," "Den," "Rock Opera," etc.

#61/APRIL '82: 5th anniversary issue offers a variety of material. What with Claveloux, Druillet, Moebius, Bilal, and an essay on J G. Ballard, you'll be busy until our 6th!

#62/MAY '82: The 1st part of David Black's "Third Sexual Revolution." "The Art of De Es Schwertberger." Plus: "Sixteen and Vanilla" by Ted White and Val Lakey.

#63/JUNE '82: Fantastic Cities issue, with artists Voss, Caza, Sciberli, and R. Crumb, all surrounded by regulars: Druillet, Moebius, Schuiten, and Fernandez.

#64/JULY '82: Marcele and Lacome's strange "Life at the Circus" and pages from Corben's *Flights into Fantasy*. Plus Jones, Garcia, and Druillet.

#65/AUGUST '82: Jones and Wrightson's "Freak Show" and Pisu and Manara's "The Ape. ." Plus the finale of "The Incal Light" by Moebius and Jodorowsky.

#66/SEPTEMBER '82: Hecht's "Music-Video Interface," Lupoff's "Barsoom!" and Hinge's "Object." Plus our regulars: Bilal, Fernandez, Kierkegaard.

#67/OCTOBER '82: You'll have Scary Dreams after reading our special horror section. Everything from Eddie Poe to the weirdest phobias possible. Don't read it alone! P.S.: Last part of Black's "Third Sexual Revolution."

#68/NOVEMBER '82: Part 1 of Kaluta's "Starstruck." Findley's "Tex Arcana" continues as does "Den II" and Druillet's "Yragael." Plus: a peek at Wrightson's *National Lampoon's Class Reunion*.

#69/DECEMBER '82: A Will Stone Gallery, the return of Suydam's "Mudwog," and Mark Fisher's "Amino Men." Plus Corben, Fernandez, and Kierkegaard.

#70/JANUARY '83: The strange conclusion to Wrightson's "Freak Show," a look at *The Dark Crystal*, and regulars Manara, Corben, Fernandez, etc.

#71/FEBRUARY '83: The making of the film *The Entity*, Kim Deitch's *Eating Raoul*, and regulars Corben, Kaluta, Crepax, etc.

#72/MARCH '83: We bid a fond farewell to Den and Kath, and a warm welcome to Bilal's "City that Didn't Exist." A Gallery on Robert Willliams, plus Manara, Kaluta and more.

#73/APRIL '83: Moebius's "The Twinkle in Fildegar's Eye," and Sauri's "The Odyssey," along with Kaluta, Crepax, and Workman.

#75/JUNE '83: Corben's "Doomscult," the end of Crepax's "The Man from Harlem," and a peek at the 3-D science fiction thriller, *Spacehunter*.

#76/JULY '83: Liberatore's "Ranxerox," the end of Kulata's "Starstruck" (for the time being), an interview with Dan O'Bannon and a glimpse at Ray Bradbury's *Dinosaur Tales*.

#77/AUGUST '83: Arno and Jodorowsky's "The Small Earthworm" debuts, Giménez's "A Matter of Time" appears, and Captain Beefheart is interviewed, all behind a beautiful Greg Hildebrandt cover.

#78/SEPTEMBER '83: An exclusive interview with Francis Ford Coppola! Plus a Gallery look at the art of Rowena Morrill and the conclusions of "Zora" and "The City that Didn't Exist."

#79/OCTOBER '83: Timothy Leary! Enki Bilal! Pepe Moreno! Walter Hill! Rocky and Bullwinkle!?! A great issue!

#80/NOVEMBER '83: A spirited talk with Will Eisner, along with a Spirit story. Plus Crepax's "Valentina the Pirate." Enjoy.

#81/DECEMBER '83: Ranxerox bows out. Valentina comes on strong. Artist Liberatore is interviewed. Lots more!

#82/JANUARY '84: Part one of David Blacks vampire memoirs. Plus "Ranxerox in New York," and a peek at Arthur Clarke's *The Sentinel*.

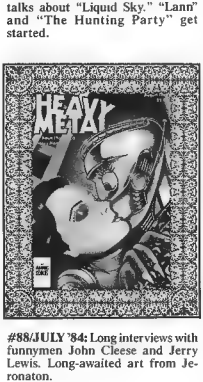
#83/FEBRUARY '84: Douglas Trumbull talks. John DiFool returns. And David Black's *My Vampires* comes to an end.

#84/MARCH '84: Douglas Adams is interviewed. Angus McKie and Charles Burns return. Ranxerox ends his New York adventure.

#85/APRIL '84: A long talk with Roger Corman. Plus Joe Kubert in "Dossier" and Boris Vallejo on the cover.

#86/MAY '84: "The Railways" begins, "Ranxerox" ends, and "The Third Incal" continues. Plus, two "June 2050"s for the price of one.

#87/JUNE '84: Slava Tsukerman talks about "Liquid Sky." "Lann" and "The Hunting Party" get started.



#88/JULY '84: Long interviews with funnymen John Cleese and Jerry Lewis. Long-awaited art from Jeronaton.

#89/AUGUST '84: Paul Kantner. *Starship* Captain. Penelope Spheeris: Godmother of Punk. Ed Naha: Good Writer of Bad Movies.

#90/SEPTEMBER '84: The Second Annual *HM* Music Video Awards. Lou Stathis interviews director David Cronenberg. Plus *Dernier Combat* director Luc Besson is interviewed.

#91/OCTOBER '84: The *HM* interview with director John Sayles. Caza drops by, and Jeronaton and Bilal continue.

#92/NOVEMBER '84: Schuiten begins, Jeronaton ends, and Paul Kirchner gives us some "Cool." Plus, shock-director John Waters tells us about his morals in the *HM* interview.

#93/DECEMBER '84: *HM*'s 1984 *fun* with a Federico Fellini interivew and a Boris Vallejo Gallery. Plus, Manara's "Author" gets to work.

#94/JANUARY '85: Interview with director Wolfgang Petersen. Liberatore presents his latest, "Sax Blues." And yet another "Marlowskitz."

#95/FEBRUARY '85: Russell Mulcahy, Rock video's premiere director, talks about his new movie, *Razorback*. Also, Jack Davis is interviewed and "Triton" concludes.

#96/MARCH '85: The premiere of Pepe Moreno's "Rebel." Interview with director Louis Malle, and the end of Bilal and Christin's "The Hunting Party" and Schuiten's "Walls of Samaris."

#97/APRIL '85: *HM* celebrates its eighth anniversary with Pepe Moreno, Richard Corben, Joost Swarte, and *more*. Also, interviews include *Gwendoline*'s Just Jaeckin, *The Stuff*'s Larry Cohen, and *Eating Raoul*'s Paul Bartel.

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Chain Mail

Dear *Heavy Metal*:
I am writing to comment on the absolutely fantastic illustration by Boris Vallejo that appeared on the cover of your April '85 issue.
As a longtime fan and enthusiastic collector of female wrestling and fighting material, I found the April cover beautiful, exotic, and one of the better girl-wrestling illustrations I've ever seen. I was, of course, disappointed when I opened the magazine and found no continuation of the wrestling match between the blond and raven-haired beauties in the "cake ring." What a great illustrated story it would have made!

Jack Reppert
E. Granby, CT

Dear *HM*:
I've always been happy to see you open your pages to filmmakers —even if it means being exposed to unfortunate souls like Just Jaeckin (April '85). Anyone who saw *Gwendoline* saw the disaster he created from the wonderful thirties strip (one of my favorites—I cherish my issues). The actors were obviously not even *looking* at the film when they dubbed it. Jaeckin's envy of Steven Spielberg is also painfully clear in the interview. What's next? A *Raiders*-esque *Popeye*?!

Wendy MacAllister
Fort Lee, NJ

Better that than Raiders III.—Eds.

Dear Heavies:
I'd always wondered what happened to Sterling Morrison. I *wish* I was still wondering about Lou Reed. I think the "new" Velvet Underground album is the greatest—had it been released ten years ago the Velvets would have different careers today.

Tim Beauchamps
New Orleans, LA

Dear *Heavy Metal*oids:
One of Larry Tritten's definitions of science fiction is "that branch of modern literature written by people who either know the parts of an atom but not the parts of speech, or who know who their muse is but not where Betelgeuse is." Similarly, I would define much of comix art as graphic drama produced by people who either can't write a line or can't draw one.
Revelstroke and Corben's "Bodyssey" stinks. It reads like it was written by a fourteen-year-old junkie, and the artwork is just plain sick. "Le Chat" would be a treat if either Manoeuvre or Beja would learn to draw. And so on ad nauseam but for a few exceptions.
These exceptions, however, are pure joy. "El Borbah" is like strong, smelly cheese—its repulsiveness is its fascination. And if Herikberto is a true genius, then Kirchner is an impatient one.
"The Vengeance of Arn, Fragments"—and I hope there's more—was an excellent piece, if a bit too fragmentary. Like science fiction, comix art in a monthly magazine can't all be good. My only advice to you would be: Keep what's good and, in the future, avoid at all costs running interminable garbage like "Outland."

Don Gates
Wichita, KA

Thanks for the helpful advice, Don. We think you've discovered an on-target formula for the perfect magazine—run what's good and not what's bad. We should try that someday.—Eds.

Dear *HM*:
Some great things came out of April '85, notably "Le Chat" by Manoeuvre and Beja and "Goodbye" by Joost Swarte. "Le Chat" was like a breath of fresh air. It's great to see French art; more (like my hero, Moebius) would be nice. "Goodbye" was simply brilliant: murder and suicide were never so funny. "El Borbah" was his usual enjoyably crass self (he and Ranxerox should get together for lunch sometime). Why the hell do "Rock Opera" and "Tex Arcana" appear so randomly? They are two of the more interesting long-running stories you have. Corben's amazing technique (and large-breasted women) are always welcome—I hope "Bodyssey" starts to make some sense, though. Ditto with "Six Characters." Manara is wasting his ink, in my opinion. One last thought—perhaps someone will sneak up and slap some surrealism back into your magazine.

Michael Brown
Toronto, Ontario
Canada

The reason "Rock Opera" and "Tex Arcana" appear so randomly is very simple. When God created artists, he forgot to teach them how to tell time. As for surrealism, read on.—Eds.

Dear *HM*:
Herikberto's "The Fighter" (April '85) is a good example of why I buy your magazine. Its surrealistic images were not only expertly illustrated, they were far more literate than half of the pretentious junk on the market. Sophisticated work like this separates *HM* from the zines littering my local newsstand.

Freddie Morgenthal
Carmel, CA

Chain Mail

The Change Has Proven Successful

Like this lucky young boy soprano, the National Lampoon has changed, too.

With our January 1985 issue we introduced a **new and totally innovative** editorial policy: a format that would have *no* format. Each issue would be completely different from any other—no regular columns or features.

The January issue, "Good, Clean Sex," was the highest-selling issue of the *National Lampoon* in three years. The issues that followed, February's "Guide to New York" and March's "15th Anniversary Celebration," appear to be equally popular.

Something funny has happened to the National Lampoon. With this new "non-policy," the *National Lampoon* has added something old: many of the writers and artists who contributed to the magazine in its earlier days but had moved on to other matters in recent years are back again. Thus you will once again see Gahan Wilson, Ed Subitzky, Rick Meyerowitz, Chris Miller, Danny Abelson, P. J. O'Rourke, John Weidman, and many others, in addition to a group of new humorists whose writings haven't been equaled around here since the mid-seventies.

Coming up: The "Lust" issue, True Facts Annual, Music Festival, the (what promises to be remarkable) "Mad As Hell" Report, and others that will provoke, annoy, prod, scintillate, mock, entertain—but mostly, just make you laugh.

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Reaction to the January 1985 issue and the new format:

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3 old advertisers canceled existing contracts
84 telephone calls complimenting issue
29 telephone calls criticizing issue
2 obscene calls
1 call from executive editor's mother objecting to nudity in issue
1 call from nude model objecting to call from executive editor's mother

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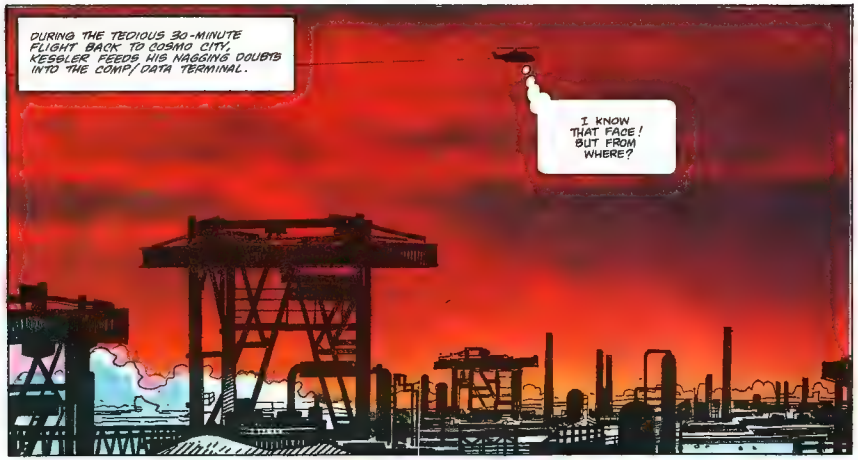
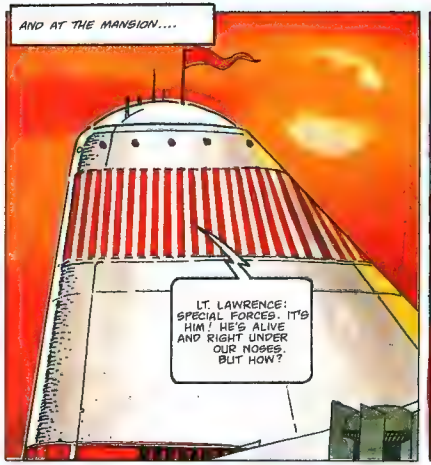
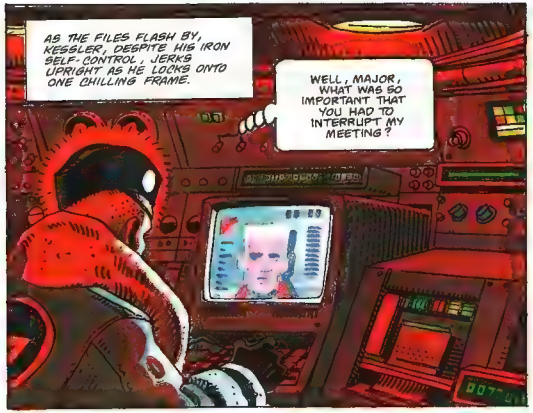
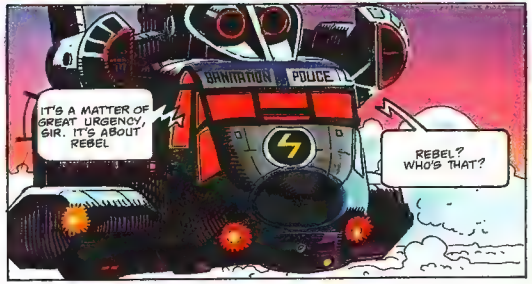
BACK AT THE CASTLE, PIRANHA CONFRONTS DOLL
WE'LL DO THINGS MY WAY, AND WHEN I SAY SO!
WHILE THE LACK OF ACTION GNAWS AT THE SKINHEADS, ELSEWHERE PLANS ARE BEING SET IN MOTION. REBEL AND HIS GANG HAVE TO STOP THE HUMAN TRADE BEFORE THE TRADE STOPS THEM. IT'S A MATTER OF SURVIVAL.
0800 HOURS HERE. THE ZEROS AND THE MOHAWKS ARE IN ON IT. EVERYTHING IS SET. AND REMEMBER, DON'T HIT THE MIDDLE OF THE TRANSPORTS. WE'LL JUST HAVE TO CUT OFF THE ARMOR.
RUDY AND GYPSY WILL COME WITH ME. LORI, SHRIMP, BIF, AND THE REST OF YOU GET SOME FUEL IN THE WEST SIDE DUMPS. YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE. WE'RE GOING TO HAVE MOST OF THE TROUBLE IN THE EAST.
EVERYBODY GOT IT?
RIGHT!
DID YOU IDIOTS HEAR ANYTHING I JUST SAID?
SURE! SURE!
WATCH OUT, GYPSY! MAX IS REALLY PISSED NOW!
MAD MAX

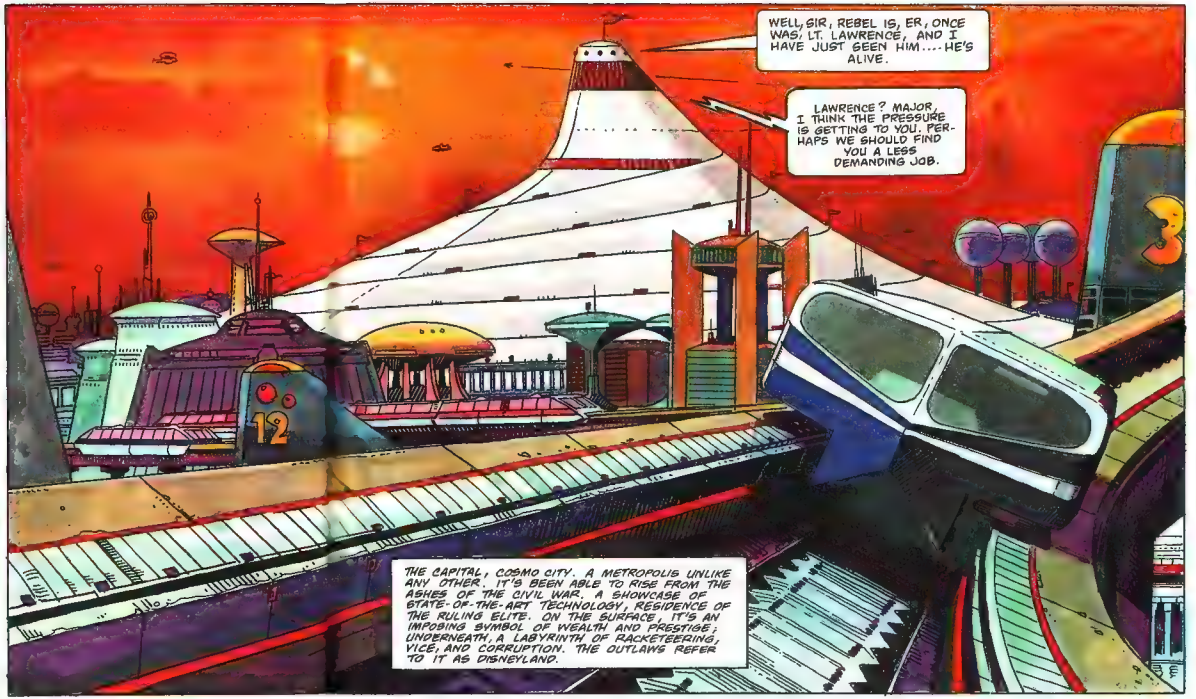

DURING THE TEDIOUS 30-MINUTE FLIGHT BACK TO COSMO CITY, KESSLER FEEDS HIS NAGGING DOUBTS INTO THE COMP/DATA TERMINAL.
I KNOW THAT FACE! BUT FROM WHERE?

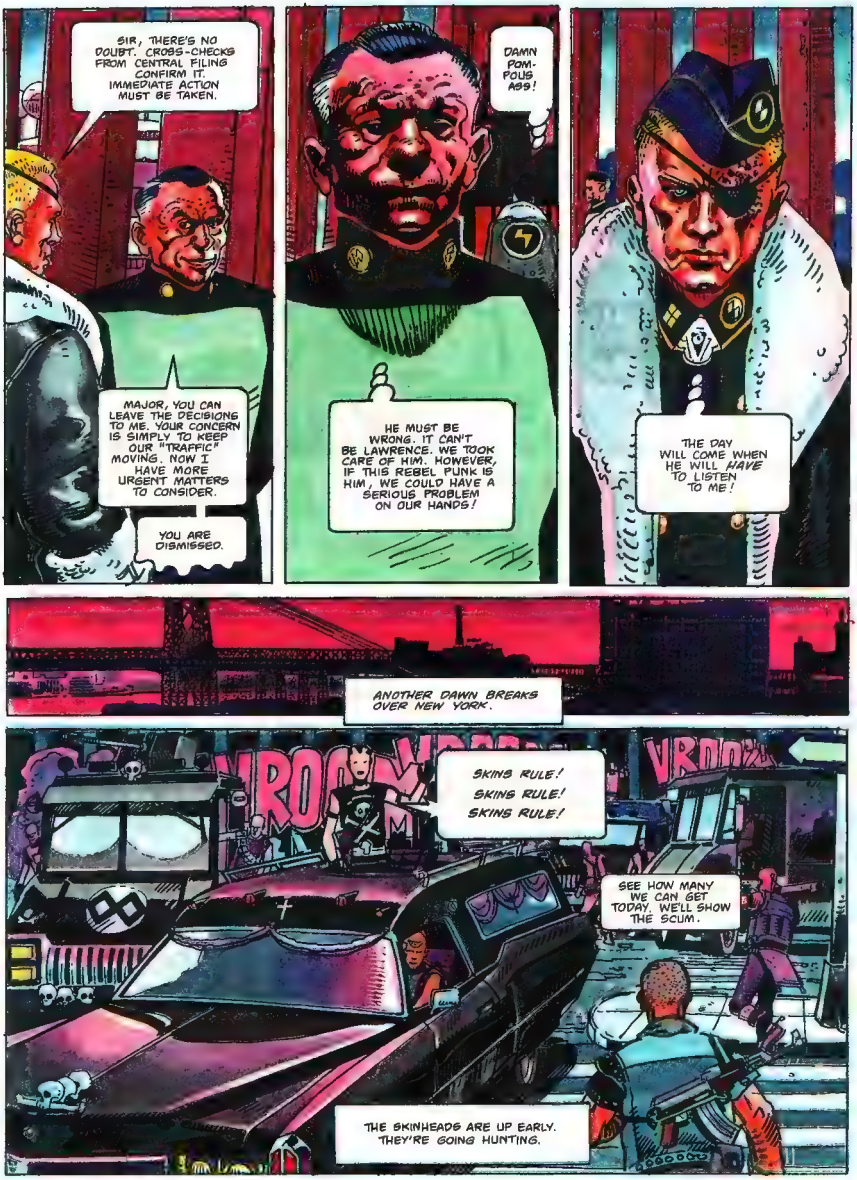

AND AT THE MANSION....
LT. LAWRENCE: SPECIAL FORCES. IT'S HIM! HE'S ALIVE AND RIGHT UNDER OUR NOSES. BUT HOW?

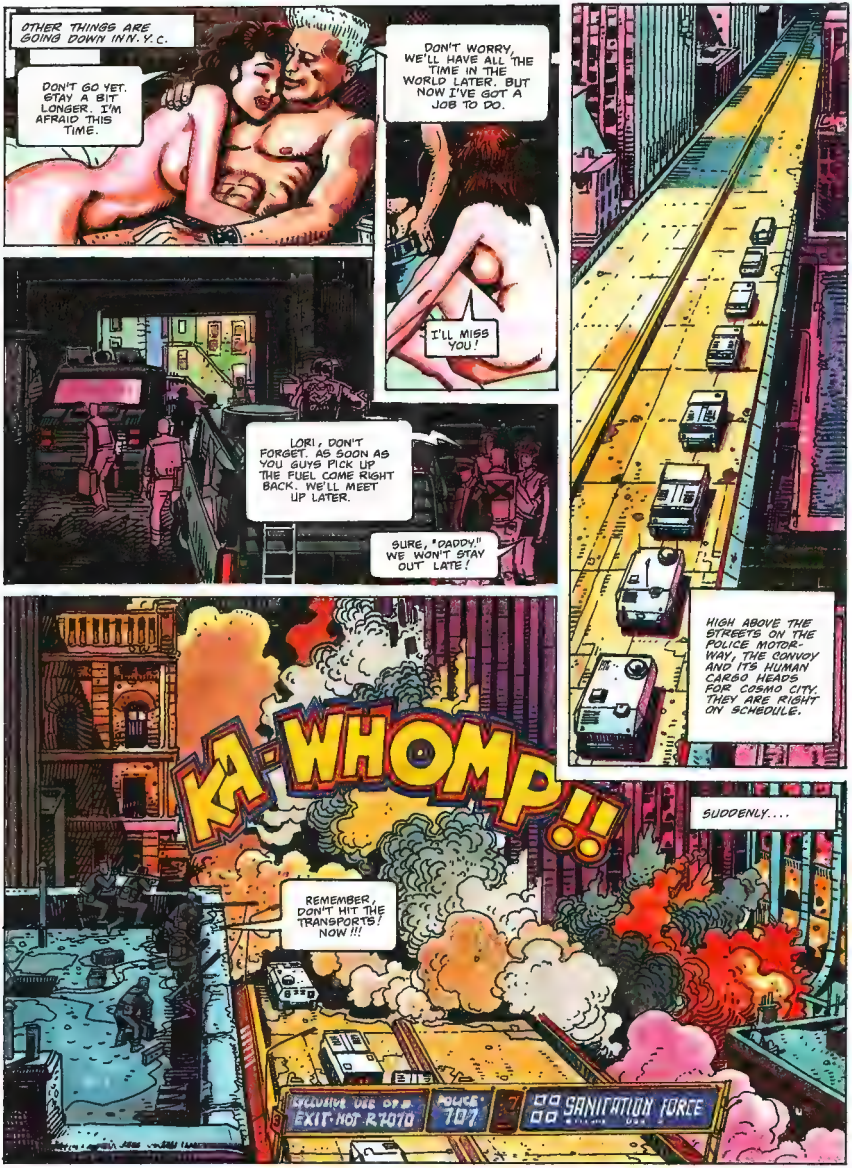
FLIGHT SERGEANT. YELLOW CODE COORDINATES. PUNCH IN CLEARANCE SIGNAL.
GOVERNOR KANE'S MANSION? YESSIR!

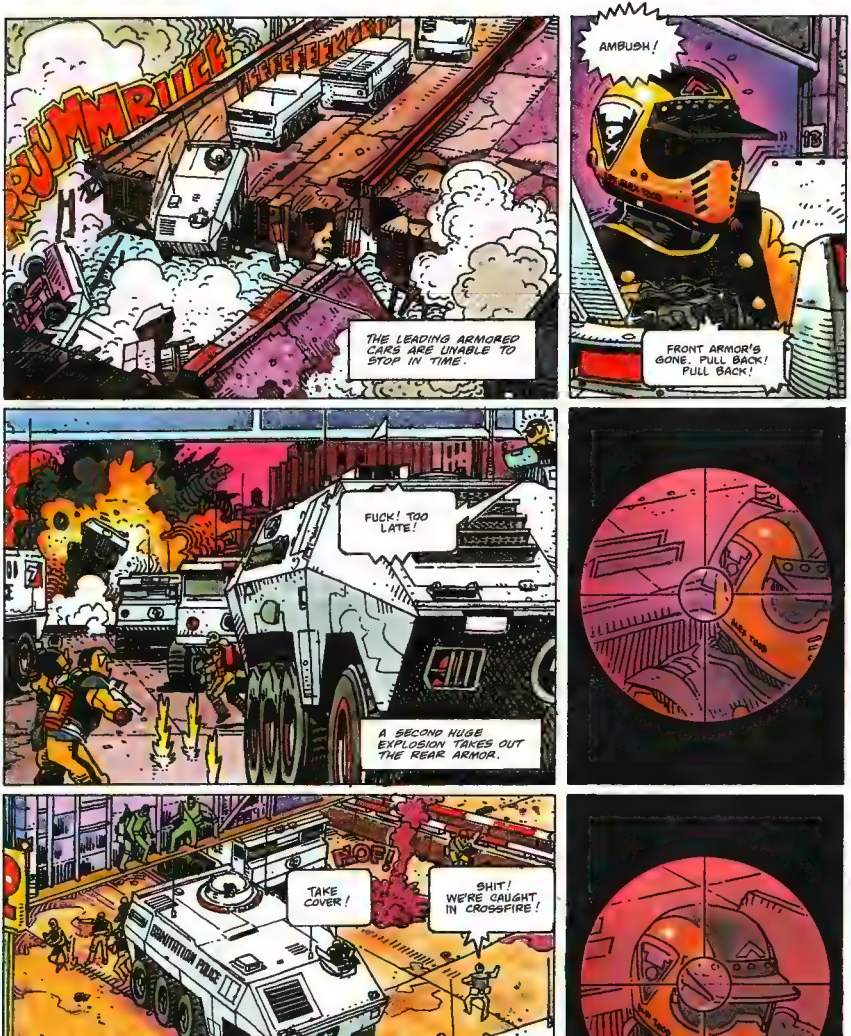

AS THE FILES FLASH BY, KESSLER, DESPITE HIS IRON SELF-CONTROL, JERKS UPRIGHT AS HE LOCKS ONTO ONE CHILLING FRAME.
WELL, MAJOR, WHAT WAS SO IMPORTANT THAT YOU HAD TO INTERRUPT MY MEETING?

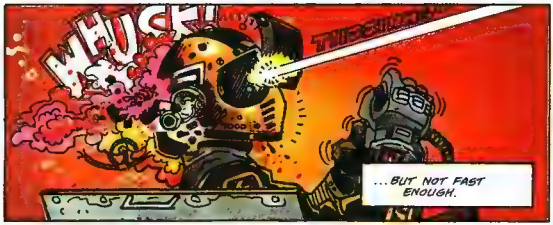

IT'S A MATTER OF GREAT URGENCY, SIR. IT'S ABOUT REBEL
REBEL? WHO'S THAT?


WELL, SIR, REBEL IS, ER, ONCE WAS, LT. LAWRENCE, AND I HAVE JUST SEEN HIM.... HE'S ALIVE.
LAWRENCE? MAJOR, I THINK THE PRESSURE IS GETTING TO YOU. PERHAPS WE SHOULD FIND YOU A LESS DEMANDING JOB.
THE CAPITAL, COSMO CITY. A METROPOLIS UNLIKE ANY OTHER. IT'S BEEN ABLE TO RISE FROM THE ASHES OF THE CIVIL WAR. A SHOWCASE OF STATE-OF-THE-ART TECHNOLOGY, RESIDENCE OF THE RULING ELITE. ON THE SURFACE, IT'S AN IMPOSING SYMBOL OF WEALTH AND PRESTIGE; UNDERNEATH, A LABYRINTH OF RACKETEERING, VICE, AND CORRUPTION. THE OUTLAWS REFER TO IT AS DISNEYLAND.


SIR, THERE'S NO DOUBT. CROSS-CHECKS FROM CENTRAL FILING CONFIRM IT. IMMEDIATE ACTION MUST BE TAKEN.
MAJOR, YOU CAN LEAVE THE DECISIONS TO ME. YOUR CONCERN IS SIMPLY TO KEEP OUR "TRAFFIC" MOVING. NOW I HAVE MORE URGENT MATTERS TO CONSIDER.
YOU ARE DISMISSED.
DAMN POMPOUS ASS!
HE MUST BE WRONG. IT CAN'T BE LAWRENCE. WE TOOK CARE OF HIM. HOWEVER, IF THIS REBEL PUNK IS HIM, WE COULD HAVE A SERIOUS PROBLEM ON OUR HANDS!
THE DAY WILL COME WHEN HE WILL *HAVE* TO LISTEN TO ME!
ANOTHER DAWN BREAKS OVER NEW YORK.
SKINS RULE! SKINS RULE! SKINS RULE!
SEE HOW MANY WE CAN GET TODAY. WE'LL SHOW THE SCUM.
THE SKINHEADS ARE UP EARLY. THEY'RE GOING HUNTING.

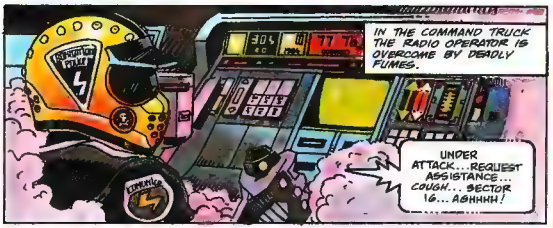

OTHER THINGS ARE GOING DOWN IN N.Y.C.
DON'T GO YET. STAY A BIT LONGER. I'M AFRAID THIS TIME.
DON'T WORRY, WE'LL HAVE ALL THE TIME IN THE WORLD LATER. BUT NOW I'VE GOT A JOB TO DO.
I'LL MISS YOU!
LORI, DON'T FORGET. AS SOON AS YOU GUYS PICK UP THE FUEL COME RIGHT BACK. WE'LL MEET UP LATER.
SURE, "DADDY." WE WON'T STAY OUT LATE!
HIGH ABOVE THE STREETS ON THE POLICE MOTOR-WAY, THE CONVOY AND ITS HUMAN CARGO HEADS FOR COSMO CITY. THEY ARE RIGHT ON SCHEDULE.
KA-WHOMP!!
SUDDENLY....
REMEMBER, DON'T HIT THE TRANSPORTS! NOW!!!
EXCLUSIVE USE OF P.D. EXIT NOT R7070
POLICE 707
SANITATION FORCE


RUMMBLE
THE LEADING ARMORED CARS ARE UNABLE TO STOP IN TIME.
AMBUSH!
FRONT ARMOR'S GONE. PULL BACK! PULL BACK!
FUCK! TOO LATE!
A SECOND HUGE EXPLOSION TAKES OUT THE REAR ARMOR.
TAKE COVER!
SHIT! WE'RE CAUGHT IN CROSSFIRE!
FROM THE MIDDLE OF THE CONVOY, THE COMMANDER REACTS DESPERATELY, TRYING TO GAIN CONTROL OF THE SITUATION.
THINKING FAST...

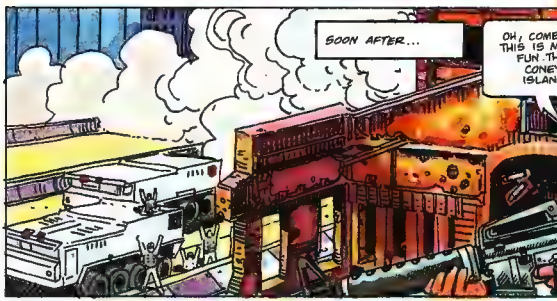

WHUCK!
...BUT NOT FAST ENOUGH.

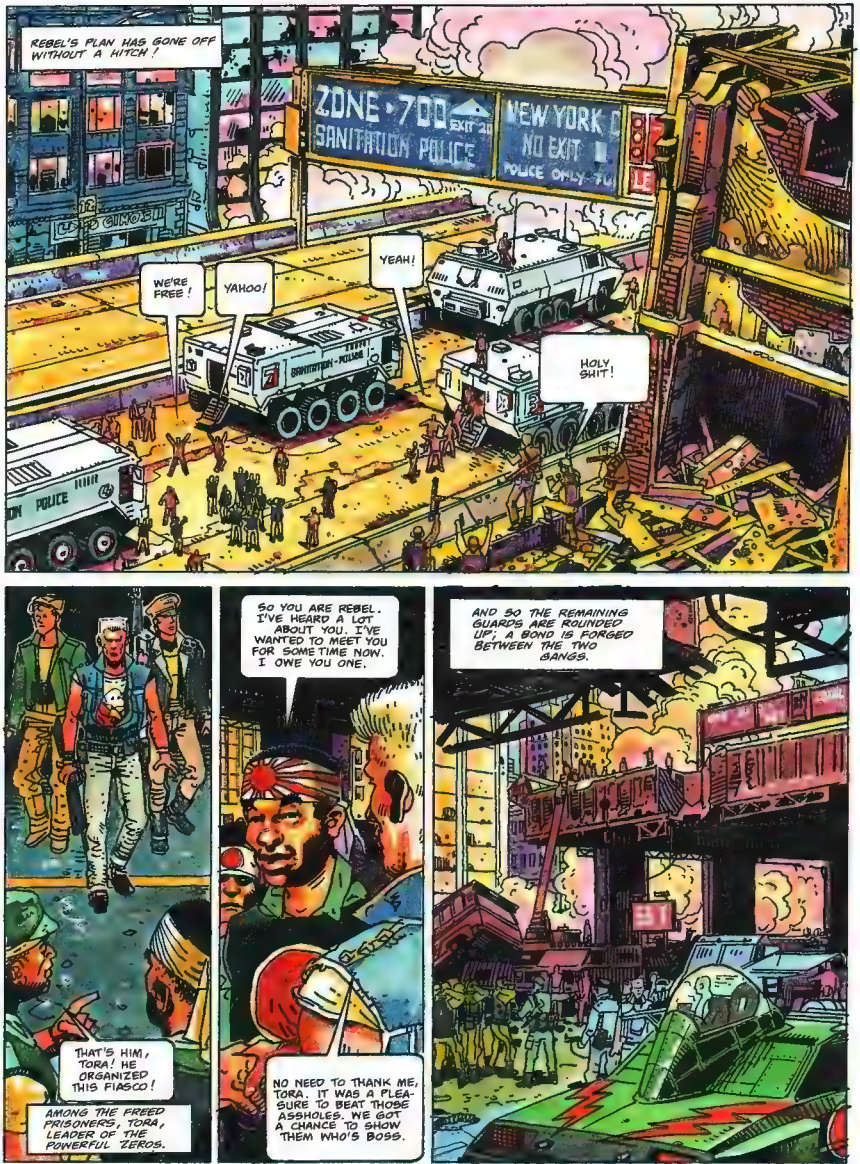
DON'T GIVE 'EM TIME TO RECOVER!
BLAM!
ON THE GROUND THE MOHAWKS MOP UP THE REMAINING RESISTANCE.

DROPPING FROM THEIR HIDING PLACE ABOVE THE COMMAND TRUCK, THE ZEROS STRIKE WITH GAS GRENADES.
POLICE


IN THE COMMAND TRUCK THE RADIO OPERATOR IS OVERCOME BY DEADLY FUMES.
UNDER ATTACK... REQUEST ASSISTANCE... COUGH... SECTOR 16... AGHHHH!

CEASE FIRE! THEY'RE GIVING UP!


SOON AFTER...
OH, COME ON! THIS IS MORE FUN THAN CONEY ISLAND!
GET THAT ONE UNDER THE TRUCK.

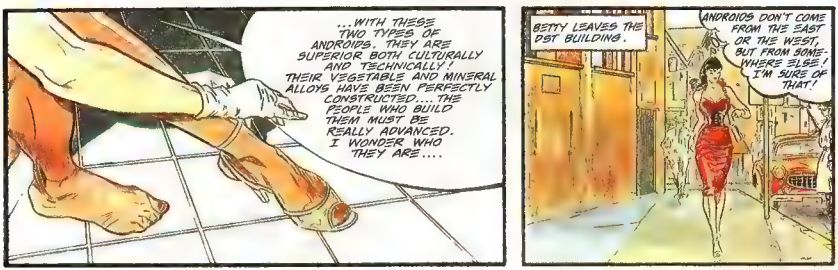

REBEL'S PLAN HAS GONE OFF WITHOUT A HITCH !
ZONE 700 EXIT 21
SANITATION POLICE
NEW YORK
NO EXIT
POLICE ONLY
WE'RE FREE !
YAHOO!
YEAH!
HOLY SHIT!
SANITATION - POLICE
SO YOU ARE REBEL. I'VE HEARD A LOT ABOUT YOU. I'VE WANTED TO MEET YOU FOR SOME TIME NOW. I OWE YOU ONE.
THAT'S HIM, TORA! HE ORGANIZED THIS FIASCO!
AMONG THE FREED PRISONERS, TORA, LEADER OF THE POWERFUL ZEROS.
NO NEED TO THANK ME, TORA. IT WAS A PLEASURE TO BEAT THOSE ASSHOLES. WE GOT A CHANCE TO SHOW THEM WHO'S BOSS.
AND SO THE REMAINING GUARDS ARE ROUNDED UP, A BOND IS FORGED BETWEEN THE TWO GANGS.

TO BE CONTINUED

ROBOTS
SOMEWHERE ON THE ISTHMUS: IN A DST BUILDING, ON THE FOURTH FLOOR, BETTY IS FINISHING HER WORKOUT....
BREATH OUT... 15 ;
WHEW! THAT'S ENOUGH!.. I FEEL GREAT!..
ANDROID ROSINE TYPE 6X: 1) LIVE VEGETABLE MATTER; 2) ORANGE BOX CONTAINING ELECTRONIC COMPOUNDS YET TO BE DECIPHERED; 3) AUTO-FOCUSING EYE; 4) REINFORCED KNEE JOINT; 5) UNKNOWN METAL ALLOY; 6) SPIKE HEEL AND SHOE INTEGRATED WITH THE FOOT; 7) DISPOSABLE RUBBER CASE.
DENIS SIRE 83

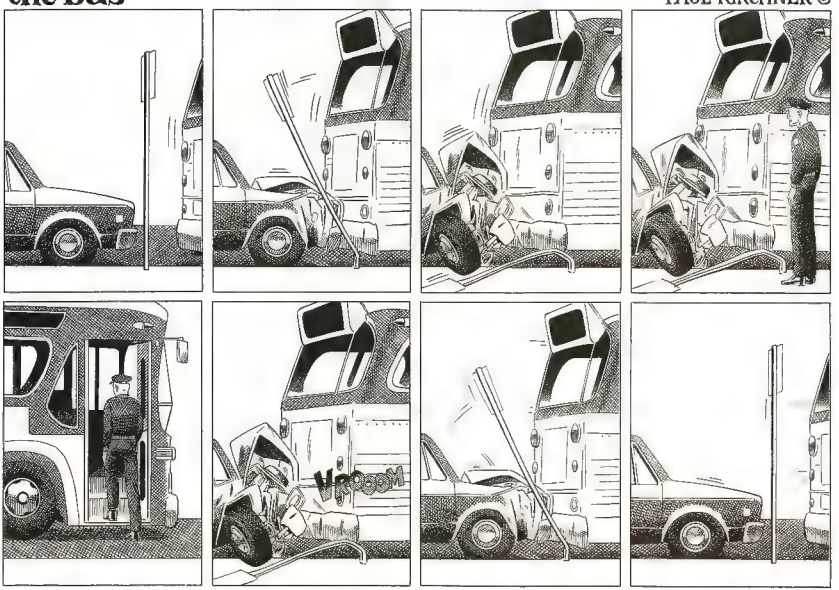
...THESE DAMNED ROBOTS NEVER NEED A WORKOUT, THEY'RE ALWAYS IN SHAPE... IF SOMETHING GOES WRONG, THEN MAN INTERVENES. THEY HAVEN'T A WORRY IN THE WORLD. THANKS, JULIEN 6, YOU CAN PUT IT THERE.
ATOMIC-JULIEN COMES FORWARD, WITH A TOWEL OVER HIS ARM.
...FOR INSTANCE, AT THIS VERY MOMENT, WE ARE TRYING TO RECONDITION THE ANDROID ROSINE TYPE 5X.' WE ALREADY TRIED THE TYPE...
...R.C.; WITH NO SUCCESS! WE COULDN'T GET THE WORKING CODES IN ORDER... WHAT?... NO!
GET YOUR CLAWS OFF ME!
CRAC!
MY LEOTARD!... NO!... I'LL MAKE YOU PAY FOR THIS!!
...WATCH IT, YOU HEAP OF SCRAP METAL!
ARGH!
AÏE!
BING!
THIS IS THE LAST ONE YOU'LL EVER RIP!
...OH, YOU...
THE NEXT TIME YOU DO SOMETHING LIKE THIS, I'LL SEND YOU TO WORK IN THE SPACE RESEARCH PROGRAM...
...AS A VOLUNTEER IN THE "EXPLORER" PROGRAM

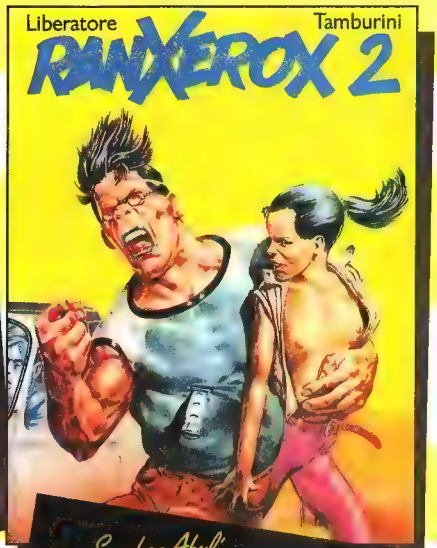
SHIT!... ALL THESE ROBOTS EVER GIVE US IS TROUBLE.... EVEN IF WE USE THEM FOR SPACE MISSIONS, I REALLY DON'T KNOW IF WE WILL EVER GET ANYTHING OUT OF THESE STUPID CREATURES!
THAT'S RIGHT!
THE SX AND SC ANDROIDS, ON THE OTHER HAND, WOULD BE PERFECTLY INTEGRATED IN SOCIETY! THEY COULD EVEN FINALLY...
...BE ON INTIMATE TERMS WITH HUMANS! THE ATOMIC ROBOTS LOOK REALLY BAD IN CONTRAST..

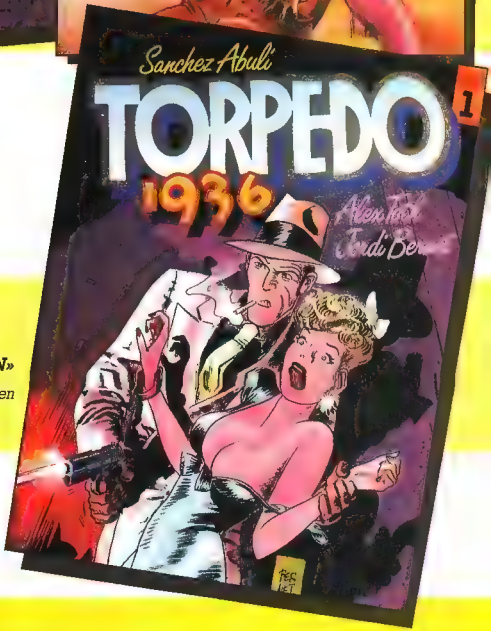

...WITH THESE TWO TYPES OF ANDROIDS. THEY ARE SUPERIOR BOTH CULTURALLY AND TECHNICALLY! THEIR VEGETABLE AND MINERAL ALLOYS HAVE BEEN PERFECTLY CONSTRUCTED... THE PEOPLE WHO BUILD THEM MUST BE REALLY ADVANCED. I WONDER WHO THEY ARE....
BETTY LEAVES THE DST BUILDING.
ANDROIDS DON'T COME FROM THE EAST OR THE WEST, BUT FROM SOME-WHERE ELSE! I'M SURE OF THAT!

the bus

PAUL KIRCHNER ©







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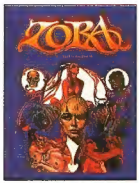

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1. What is Jean Giraud's pseudonym?

2. When did *Star Trek* first air?

3. What was the date and location of the Sex Pistols' final concert?

4. What is the name of the mascot monkey in *Robinsoe Crusoe on Mars*?

5. What Canadian horror/sf/detective thriller stars Christopher Plummer and Karen Black?

6. In what film do Flash Gordon, Dr. Zarkov, and Dale Arden discover Ming's new plan to control Earth?

7. What's a bogan?

8. Name at least ten movie titles that begin with the word "terror."

9. Who was the creator of *The Beany and Cecil Show*?

10. Who directed the film *War of the Worlds*?

11. What is Mr. Fantastic's real name?

12. Who said, "Stretch his fleshy member upon the block, sisters!"?

13. What film did David Bowie show before his 1976 concerts?

Answers to these questions will be printed in the August issue of *Heavy Metal*. The winner will be awarded a fab-gear *HM* jacket ($36.00 value!!!). Losers will be ridiculed (not publicly, of course). Send in answers by July 1 in order to be eligible. Entries should be mailed to: Trivial Metal, Dept. 785, *Heavy Metal*, 635 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022. Good luck!

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Chaland's "Elephant Cemetery" premieres. Corben's bevy of beauties continue to bounce through "Bodyssey." Peter Lorre and Fritz Lang meet in Sesar's surreal "Metropolis."

WE CREATED A ROBOT TO PLAY THE ROLE OF "MARIA"...
THE ACTRESS BRIGITTE HELM WORE THE ROBOT GARB.
OH, I AM SO SAD! I'VE GOT TO CATCH A THIEF!
HE'S SORTA CUTE!
UGGHH! ICK! REPULSIVO!
I FEEL SO STRANGE. MY LOINS ARE A-BOIL. I WOULD HAVE THEM LANCED!
MANIGAMO! LIMOLLO, BRISAPARDIR.